THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

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☞ We commenced in THE POST of January [illegible] new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. [illegible]on, author of "East Lynne," "Verner's [illegible]e," &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last seventeen years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one gratis), $12; Twenty (and one gratis), $25. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) twenty cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) to those desirous of procuring subscribers.

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ The following specimen of letter-writing is given in an article on language in "Good Words." The note was received after a tithe dinner in Devonshire:—"Mr. T—— presents his compliments to Mr. H——, and I have got a hat that is not his, and if he have got a hat that is not yours, no doubt they are the expectant ones."

TWO SIT BY THE HEARTHSTONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

Two sit at the hearthstone and patiently wait,
While the crystalline snow flat is falling:
The matron looks out with a start to the gate,
Where the clamorous post boy is calling.

"More letters; thank God! they are living and well;
Read, father, my old eyes are failing,"
And the sad words came up with a sob and a swell,
Half lost in the wintry winds wailing.

"Good news, dearest parents, a victory is won,
And Henry has won a promotion;"
He wipes his damp eyes,—"I am proud of my son,
But Morton is out on the ocean."

"What, gone in the fleet? how the reckless winds rise—
From shipwreck, most Holy One, save him!"
And the long pent up waters stream down from her eyes,
As she prays to the Father who gave him.

The husband has gone to his long winter's nap,
To dream of his country's defenders;
The wife, with her knitting-work dropt in her lap,
Looks mournfully into the embers.

Six little ones nestle close up to her side—
She soothes them with care and caressing—
Smooths out their soft curls with matronly pride,
Then murmurs an audible blessing.

They are gone! in the churchyard three darling ones rest,
And two in the camp make their pillow;
While Morton, the youngest, the bravest, and best,
Is rocked by the treacherous billow.

And there in the firelight she droops low her head,
While the present and past are enweaving;
A sigh comes unbidden with thoughts of the dead,
A sob and a tear for the living.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART VII.

EDWARD DAVENAL.

It was a charming evening in the month of October. The heat of summer was over, the cool calm autumn reigned in all its loveliness. Never had the sun set more brilliantly than it was setting now; never did it give token of a finer day for the morrow; and Caroline Davenal, sparing a minute from the bustle of the doctor's house, ran out in the garden and shaded her eyes while she looked at it.

Caroline had an interest in the morrow's weather—inasmuch as that it would be her wedding-day. Persuasion and promises had proved stronger than Dr. Davenal and prudence, and he had consented to the early marriage, it may be said reluctantly. He had urged upon them the verb to wait; but neither of them appeared inclined to conjugate it; Caroline especially, strange as it may seem to have to say it, had turned a deaf ear. So the doctor had yielded, and the plans and projects for the carrying the wedding out were set on foot.

Dr. Davenal had behaved generously. He increased Mark Cray's share to four hundred a year, and he gave them a cheque for three hundred pounds for furniture. "You must be content to have things at the beginning in a plain way, if you must be in a hurry," he said to them; "when you get on you can add costly furniture by degrees." Miss Bettina would not give anything. Not a penny-piece. "No," she said to Caroline, "you are flying in the face of wiser heads than yours, and I will not encourage it. If you don't mind, you'll come to grief."

Caroline laughed at the "coming to grief." Perhaps not without cause. Were they but commonly prudent there would be little fear of it. Four hundred a year to begin upon, and four times four in prospective, remote though the prospect might be, was what many and many a couple beginning life might have envied. Even Dr. Davenal began to think he had been over-cautious. It might have been better to wait a year, but they would do well as it was, if they chose. If they chose! it all lay in that. Perhaps what made people think of imprudence in their case was, that both had been reared to enjoy a much larger income.

Those prudential fears and scruples were over, however; they belonged to the past; nobody retained them in the actual face of preparation. When Mark Cray was looking out for a house, the abbey, yet untenanted, occurred to him. It had been his father's residence; it carried a certain weight of position with it; and he thought it would be well that it should be his. Dr. Davenal acquiesced; it was certainly rather farther from his own residence than was convenient; and it was at the opposite end of the town; but that fact might have its advantages as well as its disadvantages; and Mark took the abbey at a yearly rental.

How busy they had been, furnishing it, and getting the wedding clothes ready, they alone could tell! In this bustle, in the satisfaction of buying the new furniture, and settling it in its appointed places, the old prudent objections, I say, were lost sight of; completely forgotten. Miss Bettina thawed so far as to go down two whole days to the abbey and superintend; and she read Caroline lessons on domestic management and economy from morning until night.

Oswald Cray had delicately placed a fifty-pound note in his brother's hand. "Present-giving at these times seems to be the order of the day, Mark," he carelessly said. "If you and Caroline will choose something for yourselves, and save me the trouble, I shall be glad. You know more about dressing-cases and workboxes than I do." Altogether, the abbey, what with the purchased furniture, and a few pretty things that went down out of Dr. Davenal's house, was quite sufficiently well set up.

And now it was the evening preceding the wedding, and the house was in a commotion of preparation. Servants were running hither and thither; Miss Bettina, with her sharp voice and her deaf ears, was everywhere, creating no end of mistakes; the breakfast-table was being laid out; Sara was quietly helping Jessy to pack her cousin's travelling trunk; and Caroline, useless as usual, was going into ecstacies over a present which had just come in.

It was from Lady Oswald. A handsome tea and coffee-pot with their stands, sugar basin and cream jug, all of solid silver. Caroline ran round the house to get admirers to view it, and ran into the room of Dr. Davenal.

Neal was coming out as she entered, a waiter in his hand, therefore it was evident he had been bearing something to his master. Dr. Davenal stood before the window looking at an unopened note.

"Oh, uncle, do come and see! It is the best present I have had: a silver tea service. I did not expect anything like it from Lady Oswald."

"Presently, child. All in good time."

He laid down the note on the table as he spoke, not having opened it. Caroline thought his tone and countenance were alike sad.

"Has anything vexed you, Uncle Richard?"

"A little, Carine. When one waits for the sight of a dear face, and the hours go by in expectation, hour after hour, from the opening of the day to its close, the disappointment brings a chill.

Caroline wondered. She did not understand that longing waiting yet.

"Do you allude to Edward, Uncle Richard?"

Whom else should he allude to? Since Richard's death, Edward Davenal had grown dearer than ever son did to father. Dr. Davenal could willingly have laid down his life for him, and thought it no sacrifice. Ah! if these sons and daughters could but realize this precious love that is lavished on them in all its strange intensity!

"Aunt Bettina's vexed that he is not here. She says it will be putting the dinner off."

"We are too impatient, Caroline. I daresay he could not get here sooner. Here's Mark," added the doctor.

Dr. Davenal's carriage was drawing up to the gate. The doctor had despatched Mark in it that afternoon to see a country patient: he waited at home for his son.—Roger looked to the house as Mr. Cray got out, wondering whether the carriage was wanted again, or whether he might drive it round to the coach-house. Dr. Davenal raised his hand by way of signal, and was hastening out.

"*Won't* you come and see my tea-pot and things, Uncle Richard?" cried Caroline, piteously.

"When I come back, Carine. The tea-pot can wait."

"And there's that note on the table," she said, resenting the slight on the tea-pot.—"You have never opened it."

"That can wait too. I know what it is."

The doctor walked quickly on, and Caroline followed him to the front door. Mark was coming in.

"Is the London train in, Mark?—did you notice as you came by? There's one due."

"I did not notice," replied Mark. "I don't much think it is in. I saw no bustle."

Dr. Davenal stepped into the carriage.

"Turn round, Roger. The railway station."

The whistle was sounding as they drew near, and Roger whipped up his steeds.—The doctor stepped on to the platform as the train dashed in. He elbowed his way amidst the crowd, trying to peer into every first-class carriage.

"Edward!"

"My dear father!"

Captain Davenal leaped lightly out, an upright, slender man, with the unmistakeable look of a soldier; a dark, handsome face, and a free and ready voice.

"I have been looking for you all day, Ned."

"Not up here, surely!"

Dr. Davenal laughed.

"Not likely. I just happened to come up now; so it's all right. You have some luggage, I suppose?"

"A portmanteau. My servant's here."

"Good evening, Dr. Davenal. Ah, captain! how are you?"

The salutation came from a passenger who had likewise stepped out of a first-class compartment. They turned to behold Oswald Cray.

"Why! You don't mean to say that you have come by this train?" cried Captain Davenal, in his quick manner.

"Yes I have. And you?"

"I have come by it, too. Where were our eyes, I wonder?"

"In our own compartment, I expect," said Oswald Cray. "I was at the end of the train, and did not get out during the journey."

"Neither did I. The same errand brings us, I suppose: Caroline's wedding. It's fine to be Mark Cray! You and I must wait for our honors: we can't afford these grand doings yet.

Dr. Davenal looked at his son.

"If you can't afford them now, Ned, when are you to afford them?"

Captain Davenal's answer was to shrug his shoulders.

"There may come in a great rich ship some day," he said, with his ready laugh.—"Are you going that way, Mr. Oswald Cray? We shall see you by-and-bye."

All the pride and affection of the father shone out in Dr. Davenal's face as he passed through the town, sitting by the side of his brave son, who was in Roger's place, and drove. A hundred hats were taken off; a hundred pleased faces greeted them. The doctor remained passive, save for smiles; but Captain Davenal's gay face was turned from side to side, in answer to the salutations, and he had something else to do besides attending to his horses.

"Take care, Ned."

"All right, sir," was the young officer's careless answer. But he escaped the wheel of a meeting carriage by only half an inch; and Roger, seated behind, said to himself that the captain had not yet grown out of his randomness.

He pulled the horses up with a jerk when they arrived, leaped out, and turned to give his hand to his father. Neal had the door open, and Edward Davenal passed him with a nod and a fleet foot, for he saw his sister's face behind, bright with joyous tears. He kissed them away.

"Sara, you foolish child! Keep the tears until I go again."

"When will that be, Edward?"

"To-morrow evening. Hush!" he whispered, checking her startled exclamation.—"Let me take my own time for telling papa. I know he will be vexed."

"We thought you would stay a week at least."

"I wish I could! Leave is difficult to get at all just now, on account of— I'll tell you more later, Sara."

Miss Bettina Davenal was at hand, waiting for her greeting. In the old days of his boyhood, she and he were undisguised enemies. The boy was high-spirited and rude to her, ten times worse than poor Richard: he had been the first to call her Aunt Bett, and to persist in it, in spite of her angry displeasure. He called it her still.

"Well, Aunt Bett! You are looking younger than ever."

"Are you quite well, Nephew Edward?"

"In high feather, aunt. And mean to keep so until the wedding's over. When is yours to be, Aunt Bett?"

"To-morrow at eleven," was Aunt Bett's unconscious answer. "And right glad I shall be when it has taken place."

The shout of laughter that greeted her vexed Miss Davenal; she wondered what the mistake was. But the captain turned away, for Caroline was stealing towards them with conscious cheeks, and the new silver tea-pot in her hand.

"It was unkind of you not to come before, Edward," she said. "Some of my beautiful new dresses are packed up now, and you can't see them."

"I shan't die of the disappointment, Carry," was the ungallant rejoinder of the captain. "What's that you are carrying? A trophy?"

"It's a tea-pot. It is a part of Lady Oswald's present. Here is the best of all, and I have had so many. Come and look at them: they are laid out in the garden room."

"So many tea-pots?" inquired the captain.

"Nonsense, Edward! You know I meant presents."

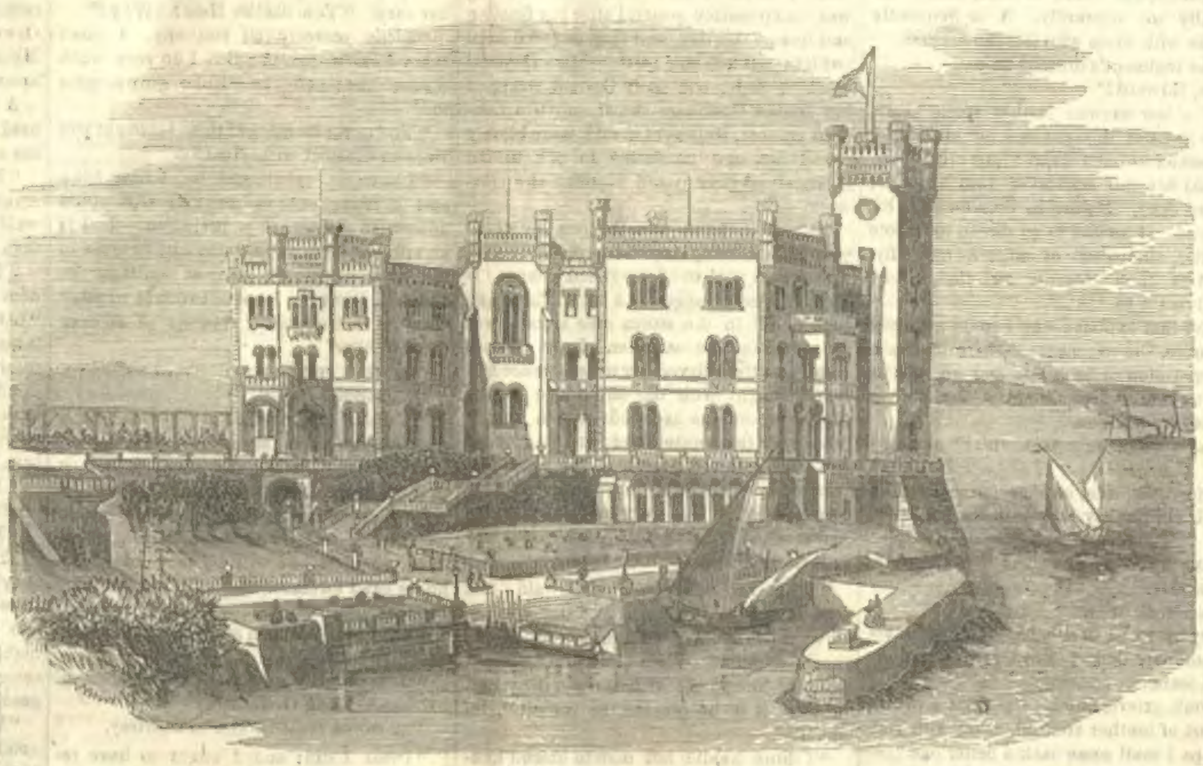
He drew something covertly from his pocket, and clasped it on her neck. It was a dazzling necklace. Caroline, loving ornaments excessively, was wild with delight.

"Oh, Edward! how kind you are! I never liked you as much as I do now."

"Candid!" cried the captain: and Dr. Davenal laughed outright as he walked away to his consulting-room.

His son followed him. The doctor had taken up the note which he had left on the table, and was about to open it when something strange in its appearance struck upon his eye. He carried it to the window and looked minutely at its fastening, at the claret-colored crest stamped in the envelope, that of the Oswald family.

"Edward," said he, "does it look to you as if this envelope had been tampered with—opened, in fact?"



MIRAMAR, THE PALACE OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

The palace of Miramar, the residence of the would-be sovereign of Mexico, is one of the most romantic in the whole continent of Europe, being built on a rock that forms a peninsula jutting into the sea. From its windows and terraces is seen, in the far distance, an admirable view of the city of Trieste, nearly three miles off. The name of the palace, Miramar—that is, *which looks on the sea*—is Spanish.

On returning from one of his long voyages, the arch-duke having narrowly escaped shipwreck on this rocky promontory, was so struck with the singularly picturesque beauty of the spot that he resolved to build upon it the exquisite, though as yet unfinished villa, in which he is now residing.

It is usual in Trieste, on Sunday, for the upper classes to drive as far as the palace, when the pleasure grounds are thrown open by the prince, with a liberality becoming his royal station.

As with the isles at St. Petersburg, so was it here: all had to be made; and Miramar is, like those Russian islands, a triumph of art and human intellect over nature. The earth had to be brought from a great distance, and the granite of which the palace is altogether built from the mountains of the Tyrol. The water required for the plantation, and for domestic purposes, alone entails an annual expense of £1,500.

The terraces descend in flights of steps to the margin of the sea, and their greatest ornaments are two sphinxes, brought by the prince from Egypt. Ships, as they pass, are saluted from the palace by a cannon.

The prince is high-admiral of the Austrian fleet, and is notorious for his passionate love of the sea; this passion at once explaining the reason which induced him to build Miramar on a steep and stormy coast, is evidenced, in a characteristic manner, in the palace itself. The sitting-room of the arch-duke is fitted up like an admiral's cabin, and his private apartments are hung with sea-blue damask, of which the designs are marine anchors.

Besides this, the prince, with the taste of an artist, and the predilections of a traveller, has filled this delightful residence with heaps of curiosities obtained from all parts of the world.

Having such a charming residence, we would respectfully advise the arch-duke to stay where he is "gay and happy" on the continent of Europe, and not risk everything by coming to rule a people who have no desire to see him.

Captain Davenal examined the fastening. It was quite daylight still, though less bright than before the sun went down.

"There's not a doubt of it, in my opinion," he said, handing the note back to his father.

"It's very strange," exclaimed the doctor. "Do you know, it has occurred to me lately to think that two or three of my letters have been opened."

"By their appearance?"

"By their appearance. But I could not be certain how or when it was done; for aught I know, they might have been re-opened by their writers before forwarding them to me. I do feel however, sure that this one has been tampered with since it lay here. It came by the same messenger that brought Caroline's present, and Neal brought it in to me. I was deep in thought at the time, and I turned it about in my fingers, looking at it, but not opening it. I knew what its contents were—that they concerned a little matter Lady Oswald had to write to me upon—and I did not open it, but went to the station, leaving it on the table. Now I am fully certain that that appearance of re-opening was not on it then."

"Who can have opened it, then?" quickly cried Captain Davenal.

"Neal."

"Neal!"

"Neal—as I suspect."

"But I thought Neal was so faithful a man—so good a servant altogether!"

"An excellent servant, though I have never liked him. And latterly I have suspected the man's truth and honesty. I don't mean his honesty in regard to goods and chattles, but in regard to his own nature. If my letters have been opened, rely upon it, it is he who has done it."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"No. I shall speak now, though."

Dr. Davenal rang the bell, and Neal appeared. So calm, so quietly unconcerned!—not in the least like a man who has just tampered with his master's letters.

"Come forward, Neal. Shut the door for a minute. When I went out just now I left this note on the table—the one you brought in to me from Lady Oswald's servant. I did not open it before I went out; but—it looks to me as if it had been opened since, and closed up again."

Dr. Davenal spoke in a quiet tone. Neal, entirely unruffled, save by a slight natural surprise, stepped close up to the table and looked first at Dr. Davenal and then at the note, which, however, the doctor did not particularly show to him.

"I should think not, sir. There has been no one here to open it."

"That it has been opened I feel certain. Who has been in the room?"

"Not any one, sir," replied Neal. "It has not been entered, so far as I know, since you left it."

There was nothing more to be said, and Dr. Davenal signed to him to go.

"I could not accuse him downright," he remarked to his son; "but enough has been said to put him on his guard not to attempt such a thing again."

"He does not look like a guilty man," cried Captain Davenal. "It is next to impossible to suspect Neal of such a thing. He is too—too—I was going to say too much of a gentleman," broke off Captain Davenal, laughing at his own words. "At any rate, too respectable. His manner betrayed nothing of guilt—nothing of cognisance of the affair. I watched him narrowly."

"True; it did not. He is an innocent man, Ned, or else a finished hypocrite. Of course I may be wrong in my suspicions: honestly to confess it, I have no cause to suspect Neal, beyond the powerful feeling in my mind that he's not to be trusted—a feeling for which I have never been able to account, although it has been upon me since the first day I engaged him."

"We do take up prejudices without knowing why," remarked Captain Davenal. "I suppose sometimes they are false ones.—Here's Neal coming in again."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for having so positively assured you that no one had been in your room," he said, addressing his master. "I remember now that Mr. Cray entered it. I did not think of it, sir, the moment you questioned me."

"If he did, he'd not touch the letter," said Dr. Davenal.

"Certainly not, sir. But I thought it right to come and mention to you that he had been in."

Neal withdrew, and Captain Davenal looked at his father.

"This man seems quite honest in the matter. I think this is an additional proof of it. Had he opened the letter himself he would not have forgotten that another person had been in the room."

Very soon Neal appeared again. This time it was to say that dinner was served. Dr. Davenal nodded to him to close the door; he and his son were deep in conversation.

Ten minutes elapsed before they came out. Miss Bettina fidgeted and grumbled, but it did not bring them; and when they did come, the doctor had a strange cloud upon his brow. Edward also, or else Sara fancied it; but he grew merry as the dinner advanced, joking and laughing with every one.

She took the opportunity of speaking to him after dinner. He went out on the lawn at the back, to smoke his cigar in the starlight, and Sara stole after him. He threw his arm round her, and they paced the gravel walk.

"Were you telling papa before dinner that you should have to leave to-morrow?" she asked.

"I was telling him worse than that, my little sister."

"Worse?"

"You loving ones at home will think it so. You will, Sara. And my father—it's a blow to my father."

Sara Davenal's heart was beating against her side; a thousand improbabilities rushed into her brain. "Tell it me, Edward," she said, very calmly. Sometimes, in moments of agitation, she could be calm, almost unnaturally so, outwardly. It is frequently the case with those who feel the deepest.

"The regiment's ordered abroad."

"Oh, Edward!"

For a few minutes neither spoke again. Sara's greatest thought was for her father. She seemed to have divined how cruelly Dr. Davenal felt the separation from his sons; Richard dead, Edward in London with his regiment. If he had to go abroad to remote countries, thousands of miles away—why, almost as good that he had died. They should feel it so.

"And that explains why I could not get a long leave," he resumed. "There's so much of preparation to be made; and we officers have to look to everything, for the men as well as for ourselves."

"Have you told papa this?" breathed Sara.

"I have told him, but not quite the worst yet. I did not say how soon we expect to sail."

"And when do you sail?" asked Sara, breathlessly.

"In a week or two."

They paced on in silence. Captain Davenal suddenly looked down at her and detected tears.

"Don't grieve, child. I am but a worthless sort of brother after all, never with you. Perhaps I shall come back a better one."

"Edward, can't you sell out?"

"Sell out!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Sell out because we are ordered on active service. You are a brave soldier's sister, Miss Sara Davenal!"

"Some time ago, when there was a question of the regiment's going out, you were to have exchanged into another, and remained at home, Edward. It was just after Richard's death, I remember. Can you not do that now?"

"No, I cannot. I can neither sell out nor exchange. It is impossible."

There was so much grave meaning in his tone, that Sara looked up involuntarily. He laughed at her earnest face.

"Oh, Edward! *must* you go?"

"There's no help for it."

"Where do you go?"

"Malta first. India—as we suppose—afterwards."

"Papa may be dead before you return."

"No, no! I trust not."

"It will be as though he had no children!" she exclaimed, almost passionately, in her love for her father, in her grief. "Richard dead; you gone: he will have none left."

"He will have you, Sara."

"I! Who am I?"

"The best of us. You have given him no grief in all your life; I and poor Dick have: plenty. It is best as it is, Sara."

"Don't say so. It cannot be for the best. When do you really go?" she continued, a faint sad fear upon her that it was sooner than he had confessed. "Tell me the real truth."

"I have told you the real truth, Sara, as far as I know it. We expect to sail in ten days or a fortnight, but don't know exactly. I do not think it will be delayed longer than that."

"You will come down again to take leave?"

"Of course I shall?"

She could scarcely speak for the sobs that were rising. She strove bravely to beat them down, for Sara Davenal's was an undemonstrative nature and could not bear that its signs of emotion should be betrayed outwardly. She loved her brother greatly; even the more, as the doctor did, for the loss of Richard; and this going abroad for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever, rang in her ears as the very knell of hope. He might never return: he might go away, as Richard had, only to die.

How long they continued to pace that walk underneath the privet-hedge, which skirted and hid the narrow sidepath leading from the house to the stables, Sara scarcely knew. Captain Davenal spoke little, he seemed buried in thought; Sara could not speak at all, her heart was full. Rarely had the night's brilliant stars looked down on a sadness deeper felt than was that of Sara Davenal.

PART VIII.

A TREAT FOR NEAL.

Nearly four-and-twenty hours subsequent to that, Dr. Davenal was pacing the same walk side by side with Lady Oswald. The wedding was over, the guests were gone, and the house, after the state breakfast, had resumed its tranquillity. Of the guests, Lady Oswald had alone remained, with the exception of Mr. Oswald Cray. It was one of those elaborate breakfast-dinners which take hours to eat, and five o'clock had struck ere the last carriage drove from the door.

Lady Oswald asked for some tea; Miss Davenal, as great a lover of tea as herself, partook of it with her. Captain Davenal preferred a cigar, and went into the garden to smoke it: Mr. Oswald Cray accompanied him, but he never smoked. Both of them were to return to town by the seven o'clock train.

By-and-bye, the tea over, the rest came out on the lawn to join them—Lady Oswald and Miss Davenal in their rich, rustling silks, Sara in her white bridesmaid's dress. The open air of the warm, lovely evening, was inexpressibly grateful after the feasting and fuss of the day, and they lingered until twilight fell on the earth. Miss Davenal went in then: but Lady Oswald wrapped her Indian Cashmere shawl, worth a hundred guineas, Hallingham said, more closely round her, and continued to talk to Dr. Davenal as they paced together the sidewalk.

Her chief theme was the one on which you have already heard her descant—that unwelcome project of the railway sheds. It had dropped through for a time. There had been a lull in the storm ever since it was broached in the summer. Lady Oswald complacently believed her remonstrance had found weight with the authorities of the line, to whom she had addressed a long, if not a very temperate letter: but, in point of fact, the commencement of the work had been delayed for some convenience of their own. Only on this very morning a rumor had reached Lady Oswald's ears that it was now to be set about immediately.

"I am not satisfied with Oswald," she was saying to the doctor. "Did you observe how he avoided the subject at the breakfast-table? When I told him he might exercise his power with the company, and prevent it if he pleased, he turned it off quietly."

"I think he did not care to defend himself publicly, or to enter upon the matter," observed the doctor. "Rely upon it, he would prevent it if he could; but his influence does not extend so far."

"I know he *says* it does not," was the observation of Lady Oswald. "Do you think he is true?"

"True!" repeated Dr. Davenal, scarcely understanding in his surprise. "Oswald Cray true! Yes, Lady Oswald. Never man lived yet more honestly true than Oswald Cray."

He looked towards Oswald Cray as he spoke, pacing the broad middle walk with his son and Sara; at the calm, good face, with its earnest expression, every line, every feature speaking truth and honor; and the doctor's judgment re-echoed his words.

"Yes, Lady Oswald,—he is a *true* man, whatever else he may be."

"I always deemed him so. But—to protest that he would help me if he could; and now to let this dreadful threat arise again!"

"But he cannot prevent its arising," returned the doctor, wishing Lady Oswald would exercise a little common sense in the matter. "He is but a servant of the company, and must carry out their wishes."

"I don't believe it," peevishly replied Lady Oswald. "He is the engineer to the company; and it is well known that an engineer does as he pleases, and lays his own plans."

"He is one of the engineers; the junior one, it may be said. I suppose you will not forgive me, Lady Oswald, if I point out, that when your interests and the line's are at issue, as in this matter, Oswald Cray, of all others, is forced to obey the former."

"Was there ever so monstrously wicked a project formed?" asked Lady Oswald, with some agitation.

"It is very unfortunate," was the more temperate reply. "I wish they had fixed upon any grounds but yours."

"I wish they had! It will send me into my grave!"

Careless words! spoken, as such words mostly are spoken, unmeaningly. If Lady Oswald could but have known how miserably they were destined to be marked out!—If Dr. Davenal had but foreseen how that marking out would affect all his after life—change as it were, its current, and that of one who was dear to him!

"And because that worry was not enough, I have had a second to annoy me to-day," resumed Lady Oswald. "Jones gave warning to leave."

"Indeed!" returned Dr. Davenal, and the tone of his voice betrayed his concern. He knew how minor vexations were made troubles of by Lady Oswald; and the parting with Jones, her steady coachman of many years, would be a trouble not much less great than this threatened building of the sheds.

"Why is Jones leaving?" he inquired.

"Because he does not know when he's well off," was the retort, spoken querulously. "The servants latterly have been all quarrelling together, I find, and Jones says he won't remain. I asked Parkins what she was good for not to stop their quarrelling, and she burst into tears in my face, and said it was not her fault. You are best off, doctor. Your servants are treasures. Look at Neal!"

"I don't know that Neal is much of a treasure," was the doctor's answer. "I'd make him over to your ladyship with all the pleasure in life. Do you feel the chill of the evening air?"

Lady Oswald looked up at the clear sky, at the evening star, just visible, and said she did not feel the chill yet.

Dr. Davenal resumed.

"I have grown to dislike Neal, Lady Oswald. In strict correctness, however, 'grown to dislike' is not the best term, for I have disliked him ever since he has been with me. He—"

"Disliked Neal!" interrupted Lady Oswald, wondering whether she might trust her ears. "You dislike Neal! Why?"

"I can scarcely tell you why. I don't think I know myself. But I do very much dislike him; and the dislike grows upon me."

"You never mentioned this. I thought you were so satisfied with Neal."

"I have not mentioned it. I have felt a sort of repugnance to mention what would appear so unfounded a prejudice. Neal is an efficient servant, and the dislike arose to me without cause: just as instincts do. Latterly, however, I begin to doubt whether Neal is so desirable a retainer as we have deemed him."

"In what way do you doubt him?"

Dr. Davenal smiled.

"A doubt has arisen to me whether he is *true*—as you have just said by Mr. Oswald Cray. I shall watch the man; and, now that my suspicions are awakened, detection will be more easy. Should he turn out to be what I fear—a deceitful fellow, worse than worthless—he will be sent out of my house head foremost, at a minute's warning, and get his true character. Lady Oswald, I think I could pardon anything rather than deceit."

"How angrily you speak!" breathlessly exclaimed Lady Oswald.

The words recalled him to courtesy.

"I fear I did; and I ought to have remembered that he was a respected servant once of Sir John's, that it was you who recommended him to me. You will pardon my warmth, Lady Oswald: to any less close friend than yourself I should not have mentioned this. The fact is, a most unjustifiable trick was played me yesterday, and it is impossible for me to suspect anybody but Neal. I shall watch him."

"What trick was it?" asked Lady Oswald.

Dr. Davenal hesitated before he spoke.

"Perhaps it would be scarcely fair to mention it, even to you, Lady Oswald. I am not certain: there's just a loophole of possibility. If I find I am wrong, I will honestly confess it to you: if the contrary, you and the world will know what a worthless scamp we have nourished in Neal."

Very agreeable words indeed! especially to Neal himself, who had the satisfaction of hearing them. Mr. Neal, with his soft tread, was gingerly pacing the narrow path behind the private-hedge, his steps keeping level with theirs; he having strolled out to take the evening air, and to hear all that he could hear.

They were interrupted by the approach of Captain Davenal and Mr. Oswald Cray. It was getting towards the hour of their departure. Sara came up with them. The doctor laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder, and she walked by his side.

"Going? Nonsense!" said the doctor. "There's no hurry yet."

"When shall you be down again, Oswald?" asked my lady.

"I believe very shortly. I must be down—" "about these alterations," he had been on the point of saying, but stopped himself in time. There was no cause for bringing up the sore story oftener to her than was necessary.

"Will you promise that they shall not build those horrible sheds?"

"If it lay with me, I would willingly promise it," was his reply. "I wish you would believe me, dear Lady Oswald."

"Of course I have no claim upon you," she fretfully continued. "I know that. It is not my fault, if I am unable to leave my fortune to you—what little I may have to leave. There are others who, in my opinion, have a greater claim upon me."

He seemed not to understand her. He turned his glance full upon her haughtily questient.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say, Lady Oswald?"

"Oswald, I have never spoken distinctly to you about my money," she resumed. "I like you very much, and should have been glad to leave some to you: it is natural you should be looking out for it, but—"

Every line of his pale face was ablaze with pride as he interrupted her; his voice calm, low, terribly stern, was ten times more impressive in its truth than one loud and angry could have been.

"Allow me to set you right, Lady Oswald. I have never in my life looked for one shilling of money from you: I do not recognize, or believe, or see, any claim I can by possibility have upon you: of the whole world, the Oswalds are those upon whom I could least recognize it—from whom I would the least accept it. I pray your ladyship to understand me in the fullest sense of the words—*from whom I would never accept it.*"

Never had he looked so like the Oswalds as he looked then. The red color came into Sara's cheeks, and a faint sense of dread (did it come as a prophetic warning?) stole into her heart—that that pride might prove her deadliest enemy; perhaps his. Lady Oswald's mood changed, and she laughed.

"You are independent, Oswald."

"I am self-dependent," was his answer. "A fair field and no favor are all I ask. I believe I can make my way in the world far better than money could make it for me. It is what I mean to try at—and do, Heaven helping me."

"But you need not have glared at me in that way," she said, relapsing into fretfulness. "I declare I thought it was old Sir Oswald of Thorndyke come out of his grave. My nerves are not strong, and that you know."

A better feeling came over him, and he held out his hand to Lady Oswald, his atoning smile wonderfully frank and sweet.

"Forgive me if anything in my speech or manner has offended you, dear Lady Oswald. But I believe you vexed me more than I have ever been vexed in my life."

"Well, well: you shall be as independent as you please," said Lady Oswald. "Let us change the subject. When do you intend to follow Mark's example, and marry?"

"Not until I can afford it better than—than Mark could, I was going to say," he added, glancing at Dr. Davenal and laughing.

"You do mean to marry sometime, Oswald?"

"I hope so."

The answer was spoken so fervently, that they looked at him in surprise. Sara contrived to draw behind, and began plucking one of the flowers, already closing to the night. He resumed carelessly, as if conscious that his tones had been too earnest for general ears.

"Men do marry for the most part in this good old-fashioned land of ours, and my turn may come sometime. I think our time is nearly up, Davenal."

The captain took out his watch.

"In a minute or two. We can walk it in ten minutes, if we put out our best speed."

As they went in, Oswald Cray looked round for Sara, and found she had not followed them. He turned back to her.

"I must say good-bye to you. Sara! you are crying!"

"Oh, no," she answered, brushing away the rebellious tears. "It's nothing."

He took her hand and placed it within his arm, and they advanced slowly to the house.

"Will you tell me what the 'nothing' is?" he asked, in a low tone which of itself was sufficient to invite confidence.

"I cannot bear to part with Edward," she answered. "Nothing has been said about it; but he brought down bad news. They are ordered to Malta; and thence, he thinks, they shall go to India. Edward said he should tell you as you went back to-night."

It was entire news to him, and he thought how greatly Dr. Davenal must feel it. Few admired that fine young officer, Edward Davenal, more than Oswald Cray. But he had no time to discuss it now, scarcely to say a word of sympathy.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, as they halted on the threshold and he turned to press her hand in both of his, bending his face a little down. "Good-bye. And remember."

"Remember what?" she asked.

"That you don't belong quite to yourself now."

He hastened in, leaving Sara standing there: standing there with the significant words and their meaning beating pleasant changes on her heart. Captain Davenal came springing out.

"Hush, darling, be brave!" he said, as he took the kiss from his sister's lips. "Leave all that until I come down for my real farewell."

And Sara was brave, and dried her tears, and confided in the prospect of that real farewell; little dreaming that it was destined never to be spoken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Some are very entertaining for an interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out; on a second meeting they are very flat and stale; like hand organs, all their tunes are played out.—*Colton.*

☞ After the late severe snow storm at the West, an engineer of a train upon the Racine and Mississippi Railroad, while attempting to force his train through a huge snow bank, was thrown from the cab of the engine into the bank and buried in the snow some seven or eight feet. When his disappearance was discovered search was made and the body recovered, but life was extinct. He died from suffocation.

☞ Two boatmen were talking at Brighton, England, the other day, when one asked the other if the Prince of Wales ever went to church. "Lord bless you," said he, "what should he go to church for? We, poor souls, are obliged to pray for ourselves, but there are enough to pray for him."

☞ A man who had both hands frozen during the cold snap in Chicago, put them into warm water, by which means they were rendered a mass of putrified flesh, and will probably have to be amputated.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The February number of our new magazine surpasses, we think, on the whole, the January number. Its contents are as follows:—

A beautiful Steel Engraving, "THE SYLVAN RETREAT."
A handsome double Colored Fashion Plate—Six figures.
A popular Piece of Music—"KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER"—an Answer to "WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW."
"OLIVE'S TRIAL"—Illustrated by an excellent wood engraving of "The Rescue of Arthur Steele."
"THE MAID OF MINNEHAHA"—Illustrated with a fine engraving of one of the scenes.
FIFTEEN PAGES OF ENGRAVINGS—Illustrative of the Fashions, Work Table, Novelties, Flowers, &c.
THE COQUETTE'S FATE. By Mrs. E. Z. Spencer.
MABEL'S MISSION.
WOMEN'S NOBLEST RIGHTS.
THE SNOW FLAKE'S STORY. By Sarah T. Bolton.
THE SORROWS OF ESTELLE LA MATE. By the distinguished English authoress, Mary Howitt.
EUTHANASIA. By Anna P. Kent.
HOW THEY DO IT—A Plea for Widowers. By Marion Harland.
LET ME DREAM OF MY HOME. By Lulu.
THE SECRET BOOK. By Arthur Hampton.
AUTUMN. By Phila H. Chase.
WE TWO. By E. B. S.
OUR LOVE. By J. A. Dergan.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS, &c., &c.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that "*The Lady's Friend*" has met with the friendliest kind of a reception from the press and the public, and already numbers a large list of subscribers.

The February number, just issued, may be a few days in reaching some of our list, owing to the fact that the demand for the magazine has exceeded our expectations—and we have had to take time to print extra editions of the January number. We think those who obtain the February number will admit that for the beauty of its illustrations, and the excellence of its general contents, it is not exceeded by any lady's magazine published.

BAD WRITING.

The following is from an English journal:

At the harvest home at Slaugham, Sussex, the chairman said Dean Hook had preached them a magnificent sermon. Before the dean went home he asked to leave to print it, telling him he thought they could sell a hundred, and offered to copy out the sermon plain for the printers. The dean made answer and said that would never do, he would write it out badly himself. Upon his asking the dean why, he explained that if the copy was plain it would be put into the hands of the worst compositors; whereas if it was written badly the best hands would get it, and the work would be better done. In confirmation of this, we add that, once upon a time, conversing with Robert Southey, the poet, we alluded to his particularly neat and legible handwriting, saying, that, of course, he must have little trouble in correcting his "proofs." His reply was, "On the contrary, I write so well that my copy is given, as equal to print, among the apprentices, who are careless and incompetent, and make scores of blunders when they set it up. Lord Brougham, on the other hand, writes almost illegibly, and his manuscript goes to the best compositors, who have brains and skill to make out its meaning, and are paid one-third extra for deciphering it."

The above is good enough as a joke, but we doubt its truth, so far as it applies to the practice of the English printers, and are certain it will not hold good as to the customs of American printing offices. The universal rule in the United States is not to call the copy, but to hand it out in rotation, as it comes in. The good hands would raise a just outcry against the practice of giving them all the bad copy.

The truth is, that the author who writes a bad hand, is guilty of stealing the wages of the compositors. And if said author be a professed philanthropist or a clergyman, and the article he is having put into

print be full of high-sounding phrases about justice and benevolence, the inconsistency between his profession and his practice becomes something ludicrous. A compositor is generally paid, not by the day, but in accordance with the amount of matter which he sets up; and, if the writing be difficult to decipher, of course he cannot make his average wages.

And there is something more than this to be considered. Type setting, at the best, is very hard upon the nervous system. It is a business that we, for one, would not willingly follow, so long as a job of street sweeping could be obtained. Now the strain upon the nerves is of course greatly increased by having to puzzle out an obscure manuscript. Therefore the author who sends in badly-written copy to the printing office, is not only guilty of theft, but, in some degree, also of murder.

And what we have said of the wrong done the compositor, will apply equally to the injury inflicted upon editors and proof readers by illegible writers. Who steals the editor's time, which is his money?—who ruins his eye-sight and his nerves?—who makes him feel like using profane language? (of course no patient editor is ever guilty of the thing itself)—who is the guilty author of all these grievous wrongs? the writer who, with the conscience of a hyena, and the cold-bloodedness of an alligator, sends him illegible manuscript. Many must be the talents of a man to excuse this awful sin of bad writing, and great his words and deeds of philanthropy to make us believe him anything else than a hypocrite and a sham.

COLONEL SHAW.

In her recent lecture at Chicago, in aid of the Old Ladies' Home, Grace Greenwood related the following incident of her travels in Europe:—

"She remembered riding in a carriage, by the borders of the Mediterranean, with an intimate friend by her side. They talked of the ancient heroes of Rome. In this connection her friend spoke of her own brave boy, who was receiving his education in Switzerland, and who, she said, was the light of her eyes. She knew that he would grow up with every advantage, and have plenty of friends. With more than Roman virtue, she hoped he would devote himself to the service of his country, and to freedom. Since that time she had often thought of that conversation, for the young man referred to was Col. R. G. Shaw, one of the heroes of Fort Wagner.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Published by Messrs Ticknor & Fields, Boston.* The Atlantic, for February, contains articles by Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Robert Dale Owen, J. T. Trowbridge, Hillard, Alice Cary, Agassiz, Mrs. Akers, &c. The Atlantic has earned for itself a proud position in American periodical literature, and we are glad to hear that its subscription list is steadily increasing. The following is Dr. Holmes's contribution to the present number:—

THE LAST CHARGE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite—
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the reefs of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced in the blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield;
True honor *to-day* must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red—
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud parricide down from his throne—
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

SALATHIEL; THE WANDERING JEW. A story of The Past, The Present, and the Future. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila. This is a new edition of a work which we have never read, but which, as the critics generally speak of it in very high terms, we take for granted is well worth the reading.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—The last number of this periodical, in addition to its usual continental correspondence, notes on books and booksellers, book notices, announcements of new books, and lists of works recently published in the United States and Great Britain, contains a well-written obituary of Thackeray. We quote in another place the critic's verdict upon the literary merits of the late novelist—a verdict which we are disposed to think will be about that which posterity will pass upon him.

A CENTENARIAN'S ADVICE AT TO THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

The venerable Daniel Waldo, of Syracuse, New York, has attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and one years, and the Observer publishes a singularly vivacious letter, written by him on his latest birthday. It is as follows:—

SYRACUSE, Sept. 10, 1863.

Dear Brother:—I returned from Oswego yesterday, where I went to assist in organizing a Congregational Association, and where I saw the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, who sent his most affectionate regards to you. On my passage to Syracuse, the cars being crowded, a young married lady, with two children, took a seat with me—one was a year old, the other was three. The subject of our conversation was family government. I said to her that I had formerly raised several colts, and always halter-broke them before they were weaned; and after they were thoroughly subdued, they would not break a tow-string. We must begin to halter-break children at six months old. The first time a child puts its finger on a table, remove it with a frown and shake of the head. If the finger is put on the table the second time, repeat "No, no," with a severe scowl, and gently prick the finger with a pin. If it is put on the third time, pat it with a stern look, or prick it a little deeper. These little corrections, properly administered, may save the necessity of forty stripes save one when the child is ten or twelve years old. If the will of a child is not broken before the age of three, you need not expect that it ever will be until he is renewed by Divine grace.

Have you read Lord Brougham's Moral Philosophy? He has many good remarks on the right management of children. We need more mothers well posted in the science of human nature.

I have submitted the above to the inspection of my "Secretary of State," (his granddaughter,) and she pronounces it legible to all who can decipher quail tracks.

Please to give my kind regards to all your family, and believe me

Truly yours DANIEL WALDO.

THE IMPUDENT COMMITTEE-MAN.

Henry Ward Beecher tells the following story in the Independent:—

On one occasion, being solicited to attend a meeting in New York, we categorically declined. "Would we not make a prayer?" "No." "Or pronounce a benediction?" "No." "Or just be present on the stage, so that it could be advertised that we would take part in the meeting?" "No, we would not take *any* part, nor sit on the platform, nor attend the meeting at all!" Nevertheless, in a day or two, we saw ourselves announced in the most jubilant manner, as a speaker on the occasion!

In some ire, we addressed a note to the offender, threatening to expose him. He promised to withdraw the advertisement—which he did on the morning of the day for the meeting, after it had stood for a week—and as to apology, when the meeting came off, the offender came forward and stated that he was sorry to say that "Mr. B., who had hoped to be present, had been prevented by *other engagements!*"—leaving the audience to understand that an agreement had been broken! On reading this wanton explanation the next morning in the newspapers, we passed through all the colors of the rainbow, and no pain seemed severe enough for this miscreant committee-man, and we have suffered him to go unpunished to this day, simply because we have not yet made up our mind what punishment is good enough for him.

☞ "Fivey Primus," said a tutor to the young gentleman he was examining in astronomy, "does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?" "The sun goes round the earth, sir," quoth Fivey Primus, a respectable fox-hunter and a prime fellow. "What do you say, Fivey Secundus?" "The earth goes round the sun, sir," replied Fivey Secundus, a stupid, slovenly fellow, who was destined for the church, and read hard for benes. "Well, Fivey Tertius, what do you say, which?—does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?" Fivey Tertius was a dandy of the first water, a gentleman upon town, "wide awake," and possessing all the proverbial talent of a younger brother. Passing his slender fingers through his curls, and hemming fashionably for a moment, he replied, "Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other."

☞ Eleven hundred persons in Newbern, North Carolina, have taken the oath annexed to the President's amnesty proclamation.

☞ On a child being told that he must be *broken* of a bad habit, he actually replied:—"Papa, hadn't I better be *mended?*"

☞ An Irishman says that Scotland far surpasses China in its productions, as it always has a whole river Tay running through it.

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MANSFIELD SOLDIERS' AID.

FIRST REPORT.

October, 1863.

This Society has just completed its second year of hospital. The first meeting having been held on the day of the first *National Fast*, September 26, 1861, in response to a call from Gen. Hale, then Quarter-Master of the state, for aid in furnishing socks and blankets for the Pennsylvania volunteers. As the new Society was destitute of funds, and Gen. Hale proposed to pay for the socks, it was resolved to accept his offer, and devote the proceeds to the purchase of materials, to be made up into clothing and comforts for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers.

The officers elected were:
President—Mrs. James R. Wilson.
Vice President—Mrs. John Voorhees.
Treasurer—Mrs. Justus B. Clark.
Secretary—Mrs. Joe. P. Morris.

These have all continued in office during the two years, except Mrs. Clark, who resigned, and Mrs. W. Cochran was elected Treasurer in her place.

The Mansfield Soldiers' Aid was the first organization of the kind in the country, and we know of none in the state, except the Philadelphia Ladies' Aid, of an earlier date.

Impressed with a sense of the great work which lay before the loyal women of the land, we at once sent circulars to each Post-office and to most of the clergy in the county, inviting them to inaugurate similar associations. In several places aid societies were formed, some of which still continue in operation. Others have proved only "three or nine months volunteers."

One hundred and fifteen pairs of socks were sent to Gen. Hale, for which we received $31.05—and with this small amount we commenced our hospital-work! The first box, a drygoods box of the largest size, was packed in December 1861, containing quilts, blankets, pillows, &c., donated by individuals, and forwarded to the Philadelphia Ladies' Aid.

A pleasant episode in the history of the Society, was the presentation of a flag, and the name of "Tioga Mountaineers" to a company raised in and near Mansfield, by Capt. Jos. S. Hoard. The flag is still in the keeping of Company B. 101st Pennsylvania volunteers, now at Newbern, N. C, and is to be returned after the war.

The Society forwarded, up to October 1863, seven large boxes of bedding, clothing, &c.; three barrels of jellies, wines, and dried fruit; three kegs of pickles. A serious mistake, and cause of discouragement in the earlier days of our Society, was in attempting to fill boxes of a very large size, which required months of effort to fill, the clothing meantime, becoming unseasonable. The plan now adopted is much better—to use cases about equal to a barrel in size, which are soon filled, and the frequent sending off of parcels, as an encouraging and enlivening effect upon the Society.

In the spring of 1863, the Mansfield Society became auxiliary to the Sanitary Commission, to which noble, National Institution we can intrust our offerings, with entire confidence that they will be so distributed as shall best promote the comfort of the brave men, who, periling life and limb, for our common country, have by the casualties of war become inmates of our military hospitals. If we remember them as often and as tenderly as we should, we shall esteem it a privilege as well as a duty, to do all we can for them, and only grieve that we can do no more for such an army as ours, fighting in defence of such a country!

In raising funds we have found entertainments of various kinds, most productive. We are now trying, with fair success, to obtain a list of monthly contributors.

The Society can make no imposing report of money expended, or of work accomplished. The number of our working members is small, and our means limited. We confess, however, to a degree of pride, in having been pioneers in so noble a work, and that we enlisted "for the war!"

SARAH E. MORRIS,
Secretary and Associate Manager of "W. P. B." for the E. Section of Tioga county.

We often wish that we had time to note down all the interesting little incidents that occur during the unpacking of boxes. This morning a barrel from Byberry Township was opened, and in it was found a small box directed,

"For a wounded soldier, prepared by Clara Thornton, aged 10 years."

We opened the box, and found it neatly packed with three towels, three handkerchiefs, a roll of linen, a paper of farina, a memorandum book and pencil, a pin-cushion filled with pins, a comb, and a bottle of cologne. The thoughtful kindness of this child brought tears to our eyes. We wished that every little girl and boy could see what she had accomplished, and be stimulated by it to some labor of love for the soldiers who are suffering so much for them. We are not called upon to work for well soldiers. Government is able and willing to provide for them: but for the sick and wounded soldiers there is a great deal that Government cannot do: and they are dependent upon just such acts of generosity as the ones we have recorded, for many of the articles of comfort which relieve their sufferings, and in very many instances have saved their lives. The drops of dew and rain that swell the tiny streamlet seem almost useless by themselves; but were it not for them our beautiful rivers would soon be dry—even our fields would be destitute of vegetation. Let no one then withhold their offering because it is a small one. It is the myriads of small offerings flowing into the broad channel of the Sanitary Commission, which makes this organization such a tower of strength. All the gold which California has sent, does not equal in value the supplies furnished by the faithful industry of our women and children. A letter received this morning from a teacher in a boarding school, announcing the forwarding of a box, says, in closing, "The North Wales Institute is a small boarding school, and the contents of the two boxes which have been sent from it to you, have been prepared by the joint efforts of the teachers and scholars of both sexes. Please excuse so long a letter about a little box, from one who feels a grateful and proud interest in everything the Sanitary Commission does."

Such letters as this, such incidents as the one narrated above, encourage and cheer us, and lighten the burden of our daily labor.

We are often asked the question, "What is needed most now?" by the members of Aid Societies, who are anxious to turn their work to the best account. We copy a few lines from a letter that we have recently received from Dr. Marsh, one of the Sanitary Commission Inspectors stationed at Beaufort, S. C, which not only answers this question, but suggests thoughts which we feel must inspire every worker to renewed efforts in behalf of our suffering soldiers. We hear that our supplies are low in the Southern Department? Shall they be so any longer? Dr. Marsh writes:

"Say to those ladies that we need *everything* that the love and industry of women can furnish. It is their wise forethought that feeds and clothes the soldier in sickness; and the remembrance of which, I assure you, renders his arm strong in the hour of battle. But the greatest good that our women do for the poor soldier in the field is not *material*. When he receives an article from the Sanitary Commission, he knows that if not his own mother, wife or sister has prepared it, some one sustaining that relation has. His heart is thus warmed by a fire kindled on a home altar, and thereby his life is helped to be kept pure. To the moral, even more than to the physical well-being, do all women who contribute to Sanitary Commission supplies minister.'

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 18th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Burlington, N. J., 1 pkg., Mrs. A. M. Hide, Sec'y; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg., Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Sec'y; Mr. Isaac Wiglow, 1 box Irish moss; A. & M. Sager, 934 Arch st., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, East Freedom, Blair co., 2 kegs, 1 box, Mrs. C. G. Butler; Charleston Aid Society, Mallsboro, Tioga co., Sarah E. Moore, 1 box, 1 keg; Mrs. Andrew Russell, Pottsville, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Palmyra, Wayne co., N. Y., 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Tunkhannock, Wyoming co., Miss R. Carey, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Lemon, Wyoming co., Mrs. S. M. Kelley, Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Aid Society, Mansfield, Tioga co., S. E. Morris, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughn Sewing Circle, woolen shirts; Industrial Branch, Miss E. H. Haven, socks, mittens, clothing; Lock Haven, Clinton co., 2 boxes; Aid Society, Dennisville, Cape May co., N. J., S. L. Beesley, Sec'y, 1 box; Middle Township, Cape May co., N. J., 1 box; Germantown Hospital, empty boxes; Attleborough, Bucks co., Hannah G. Rowland, 1 box, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's church, 1 pkg., Mrs. Tilghman, Sec'y; Friendsville, Susquehanna co., Mrs. Dr. Seet, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Wm. Calhoun, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery co., Miss S. M. Meredith, 1 bbl.; Dimock Ladies' Aid, Susquehanna co., Miss Woodruff; West Auburn, Susquehanna co., Mrs. M. C. Lacey, Sec'y, 1 box; 1 keg, unknown; Charleston Aid Society, S. E. Moore, Sec'y, 1 pkg.

☞ Some witty chap indites the following good thing:—

The match was a regular greenback match,
That could not by law be stayed;
His offer a legal tender was,
And she was the tender maid (made.)

☞ COLD.—We begin to believe that the muskrats out West were right in their predictions and precautions, and that the old sea captain who talked about a mild winter on account of the nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to our shores was very wild in his reckoning. There is every indication that the season will be set down as one of the severest on record.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ The superintendent of a Sunday-school was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made to them during the previous session. "Children, what did Mr. Phonny tell you this morning?" No answer was made. "Can't any one tell me what he said? Susie, can't you remember?" Susie, a bright little girl of seven years arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully lisped out: "Pleathe thir, he talked, and he talked, and he thed ath how he loved uth, and he talked—and—we all thought he wath a-goin' to thay something, but he didn't thay nothin'." Those who undertake to address Sabbath-school children without having anything to say, may learn something from Susie.

☞ A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, a wag remarked that "it must have been Bishop the *composer*."

☞ A NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—While a slater of this place was plying his vocation the other day on the top of a house in this neighborhood, a garrulous female took occasion to lecture him for choosing such a dangerous trade, adding that the least puff o'wind might send him unprepared into eternity.

"Oh! but you do not ken, gudewife," quoth he of the house-top, "that I am fulfilling the Scriptures?"

"Fulfilling the Scriptures, James! that's impossible, for there's no se word o' a slater in the Bible that e'er I read or heard o'."

"I am nevertheless right, tho'," was the reply, "did ye ever read in the Bible, that it is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman, in a wide house?"—*Perth (Scotland) Courier.*

☞ If Brigham Young should lose one of his five-and-sixty wives, would he be a widower?

FOUR FABLES.

KNOW YOUR FRIENDS.

"Oh, here come the swallows!" said the spring flowers; "that is delightful!" They smiled at one another, and looked upward joyously, as the birds wheeled their flight in the bright sky.

"The swallows! the swallows!" said the little streams and brooks. "There's an end of ice and snow to chain us and block us up!" and they prattled and babbled, full of frolic, over their stony beds, making much of the birds as they dipped in their waters.

"Why do they ever leave us?" asked the flowers one of another, bending their little heads for a conference. "While they are here, all is happy and bright. Let us make a plan to keep them here all the year round."

"Why do they leave us?" said the brooks to the rills, and the rills to the small streams. "No frost! no snow! while they are with us. We will secure them, and keep a year of summer. Consult! Consult!" and there was a meeting of the waters.

Summer smiled on them. "Children," she said, "if you can lay a trap that will imprison *me*, and stay my departing, you may reckon safely on the swallows remaining. With me they come—with me they go. You owe them to me—not me to them."

HOW TO KNOW A GOOSE.

"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!"

"Geese, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. Through life, child, observe that when you meet with any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose."

THE THREE COLORS.

There was a feud—red, and blue, and yellow stood in open defiance, each of the other two.

"Acknowledge me chief!" said red. "I am ever the emblem of charity. All that is warm and redolent of comfort and kindness is arrayed in my tints. I rest on this rose, and claim precedence."

"Acknowledge *me* chief!" said blue. "I am the emblem of truth. All that is high and pure and just wears my hue. I rise and shine from yonder sky, and claim precedence."

'Acknowledge *me* chief!" said yellow. "I am the emblem of light and glory. Kings are crowned, palaces glitter with my lustrous color. Receive me, oh, sun! to thee I call and claim precedence."

"Ah, my children!" said the sun, "the very heavens weep at your disunion. Be reconciled, I pray, and show your strength of beauty where it must ever lie—in harmony." And they rose at the entreaty, and embraced in the tearful clouds, and the sun shone out on them, and glorious in loveliness was the rainbow they made.

SOMETHING FOR BOTH SIDES.

"How we are admired!" said the waters of a rushing cascade to the rocks over which they fell, as many standers by exclaimed at their beauty.

"Whom do you mean by *we*?" asked the rocks.

"Whom? why, we waters, of course," was the reply.

"Are you so foolish and vain?" asked the rocks, frowning. "Can you not see that they who behold tremble before *us*. You are merely worthy of remark because you are a feature in the scene."

"Hah! hah! hah!" shouted the waters, and rushed on, echoing the laugh from point to point. "Do you really think your rugged faces would charm any one unless adorned with our brilliancy?"

"Depart!" said the rocks, with terrible frown, "and leave us to stand alone; then we shall know to whom beauty and glory belong."

"Let us leave them, and flow over yonder mead," said the waters. They did so, and the rocks were silent, and so was the flood of the fields. None came to gaze nor to listen.

"Ah!" murmured the waters, "we should not have refused the rocks their share of honor. Truly they made us a thing of beauty."

"Brothers," said the rocks, in hoarse echoes, "why did we drive away the waters? If we lent them our strength of form, they clothe us with their grace and splendor. Now, alas! *they* flow on in obscurity, and *we* are passed by unheeded and unpraised."

GEN. GRANT'S ASPIRATION.—Gen. Grant was lately rallied about the use, by a New York paper, of his name for the Presidency. The General replied:—"I aspire only to one political office. When this war is over, I mean to run for Mayor of Galena (his place of residence), and if elected, I intend to have the sidewalk fixed up between my house and the depot."

☞ "Bury me in the sunshine," were the last words of Archbishop Hughes.

LATEST NEWS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24.—The Dispatch says that Captain Ekin, a staff officer from Knoxville, which place he left on Thursday a week ago, brings information that Longstreet has been reinforced with 20,000 men, and was advancing on Knoxville, pushing Gen. Granger's forces before him. It was thought that our army will be compelled to fall back to the intrenchments at Knoxville. It is reported that John Morgan, at the head of 5,000 cavalry, will make a movement to cut off the communication between Knoxville and Chattanooga, or a raid into Kentucky.

Advices from Gen Grant's army state that the trains are running regularly between Nashville and Chattanooga. The rebuilding of the railroad to Knoxville is to be commenced. Gen. Grant arrived at the front on the 23d.

Private letters from Port Hudson state that the rebels are concentrating near Port Hudson and Baton Rouge.

A dispatch from the headquarters in western Virginia says that a rebel mail has been captured. The letters confirm the statements in regard to suffering, &c., in the South.

Gen. Rosecrans has been ordered to take command of the Department of Missouri.

☞ It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a wrinkle to her face!—It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

☞ "Susan," said an Irishman to a fellow servant, "what are the bells ringing for?" "In honor of the Princess's birthday," was the reply. "Be aisy, jewel," rejoined Pat, "none of your tricks upon travellers; 'twas the Prince of Wales's on the ninth, and how can it be his sister's twelve days after, unless they were twins."

☞ An authoress speaks of boys—especially "stuck up" boys—of eighteen or twenty, as having arrived at an "age of detestability."

☞ A QUEER CUSTOM.—Captain Knight is the author of a 'Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet," in which he records the following item:—"One of the most curious farming customs in the heights (of Thibet) is that of stuffing quantities of hay among the higher branches of trees—the snow in winter lying five or six yards deep, and the sheep, which abound in these districts, being then able to get at the hay."—This makes us think of Baron Munchausen, with his horse tied to the church steeple.

☞ A man was baked to death in a patent leather factory at Newark, New Jersey, on Saturday last. He went into a heated chamber to warm himself, and was overpowered by the heat.

☞ COOL.—A recruit in the Third New Hampshire Regiment, while the "long-roll" was beating furiously, and the rebels every moment expected to be in camp, quietly put his head out of the tent, and asked the Colonel, who was standing near, "if they should come out with *dress coats or blouses?*"

☞ A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to see her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

☞ A doctor of divinity did a fine thing the other day in ringing the changes on "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympani."

☞ The following is the present form of a promissory note in Dixie:—

"For value received I promise to pay
To Thomas Shaw, at any day,
A peck of beans, five pounds of flax,
At any day which he shall ax."

☞ It is a curious fact, that while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer and sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under the "shadow of a great affliction," it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow, and sends up to God the purest tones of music, and loftiest strains of praise from a chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from the "depths" o his sorrow.

☞ The ladies of East Tennessee are represented as unquestionably loyal. They improve every opportunity to "kiss the dear old flag," and now-and-then kiss its good-looking defenders.

☞ The Lewiston Journal tells a good story of an officer of the 29th Maine, who, being introduced to a farmer's buxom daughter, for the first time, on Christmas day, returned next day with a minister and married her off hand. If he is as successful in his fighting as in his love affairs, he will soon be a promising candidate for promotion.

☞ WHAT ENGLAND IS MOST NOTED FOR.—The Sultan has come to the conclusion, through the late races, that English horses far excel the Arab horses—an issue not doubted in England, though disputed in France—perhaps for the sake of antipathy to the Briton, who, the French say, has only arrived at perfection in two things—*razors and Windsor soap.*

☞ Even if your enemy is as small as a fly, fancy him as large as an elephant.

"WEEP THOU NO MORE!"

Weep thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:
In alien sympathy can be no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

Oh, heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
Oh, weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That striv'st against the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still,
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
'Midst their eternal music. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows no turning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light,
But wake and cry, and fall to sleep again;
So slumber thou,—in sleep forget thy pain;
White morn is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea;
Whence rose thy trust, there only rest can be;
Thither thou driftest fast,—weep thou no more!

SLEDGE EXCURSIONS IN POLAND.

Pleasure sledge parties could not fail to occupy an important place in a country where the snow sometimes covers the ground for whole months. This kind of diversion was practised in the capital, but it was especially in vogue in the rural districts. When the favorable season arrived, not only a region, or palatinate, but the whole land was in movement. The gathering point was usually the mansion of some one who had been chosen to direct the party of pleasure, called *Kulig*, and music always accompanied the excursions undertaken. It was the fashion to arrive at the place indicated in the evening, and by the light of torches. The neighing of the horses, and the rattling of their feet; the tinkling of the bells with which each harness was adorned; the crackling of the frozen snow; the sounds of the music; the sharp echo of the whips; the shouts of the joyous company were all heard afar; and at the approach of the excited train the peasants came forth in crowds from their cottages to see it pass. The Kulig having reached the place of its destination, the persons composing it descended from the sledges, and entered the mansion, the master whereof received his visitors with boundless cordiality. The musicians soon formed themselves into an orchestra, and the national dances began. Glass met glass in friendship, and numerous and enthusiastic toasts were given till the time of supper. The dawn often fell on the guests while they were still at table, and then the song and the dance began again with fresh ardor. Thanks to this uninterrupted succession of pleasures, two or three days passed rapidly away, and the train departed, carrying along with it the hosts who had given it so warm a welcome. In this manner the train went on, unceasingly adding to its numbers pretty women, brilliant cavaliers, and splendid sledges. The Kulig having completed its round, it was often not till the end of a month that the train returned to the point from which it had started. This amusement was exceedingly common in Poland, and every saint's day, or birthday of a friend, the train proceeded to the house of the personage whom it was intended to honor. To one place they came suddenly, by way of surprise; at another they gave the master of the house notice of the arrival of the Kulig, and wherever it presented itself, even if, as was often the case, in masks, he received his guests with open arms, and put everything which he had in his mansion at their disposal. Every one took part in these festivals, the priest and the warrior, the opulent senator and the modest father of a family. How many dissensions were thereby extinguished! How many old grudges thereby disappeared! Those whom enmity kept apart affectionately clasped the hands of each other at these fortuitous gatherings, which offered an opportunity for displaying the inherent goodness and generosity of the national character. The Kulig brought families together, permitted the gallant youths to pay their addresses to the ladies whom they loved, led to the conclusion of alliances, and maintained or restored harmony among neighbors, so essential in rural life. The secretary of Queen Mary Kasimir, the wife of John Sobieski, has left us a description of the brilliant Kulig which started from Warsaw on the 20th of January, 1695. The persons invited met at the Danilowicz palace, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the trumpets gave the signal of departure. First came twenty-four Tartars on horseback, attached to the service of the Prince Royal, James; then ten sledges, each with four horses driven tandem. On each of these sledges were musician—Jews playing on kettledrums, Ukrainians playing on their national instruments, trumpeters, fifers, janissaries belonging to the different magnates. Then followed a hundred and seven sledges, the rivals of each other in gorgeousness and splendor, and covered with Persian carpets, leopard-skins, sables, and other precious furs. The horses, likewise four in number for each sledge, but yoked two by two, looked proud and gay under fringes, cockades, and plumes. Persons of the Court filled the sledges, which were escorted by young men on horseback. The hundred and eighth sledge, in the form of Pegasus, was mounted by eight gentlemen, who threw to the spectators verses made in honor of the circumstance by Ustrzyski and Chroscinski. A detachment of halberdiers closed the procession. The Kulig went first of all to the pleasure mansion of the Princess Sapieha; then the abode of the Princess Radziwill, the sister of the King, of the Palatine Potocki, of Prince Lubomirski, and others had their turn. Wherever it appeared, the master of the house presented the key of the cellar, the mistress that of the pantry. There was dancing for a moment, then refreshments were partaken of, and then the train pursued its course. The last station was Willanow, where the King and the Queen kindly received all who arrived. Everyone was treated in a splendid manner, and the hospitalities and amusements continued till far into the night. The festival having finished, the train made its entrance into the capital by the light of eight hundred torches. The ideas of modern times, and the days of trouble and of war, which have so often darkened over Poland, have almost abolished this ancient usage. The Kulig of the present day, which appears from time to time in some districts of the country, recalls but feebly those festivals wherein shone, in all its magnificence, the liberal and expansive character of the Pole.—*Charles Forster.*

THE WATER OF THE NILE.

Sweet is the water to the taste, and salubrious to the frame—at once a luxury and a medicine—though, during the inundation, it is so charged with sediment as to require it to be filtered in order to be fit for drinking.

"What!" said the General, Pencennius Niger, to his soldiers, "crave you for wine, when you have the water of the Nile to drink?"

The Arabs, in their exaggerated language are accustomed to say, that if Mohammed had tasted of the stream, he would have asked of God an immortality on earth, that he might enjoy it forever; and natives will even create an artificial thirst in order to quench it with the beverage. Foreigners share the predilection. Giovanni Finati, familiar with the limpid streams of other lands, anticipated with delight his return to Cairo, to have access once more to the delicious Nile; and Maillet accounted it among other waters as champagne among the wines. Curious are the changes of color. During the swell the river acquires a greenish hue, sometimes very decided. This is succeeded by a brownish red, approaching to a blood red, when the highest point of increase has been reached. Then follows a deep blue, which remains from the completion of the subsidence to near the renewal of the rise.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Military and civil writers of the present day seem quite ignorant of the true meaning of the expression "forlorn hope." The *adjective* has nothing to do with despair, nor the *substantive* with the "charmer which lingers still behind:" there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy's country had a small body of men at the head (*haupt* or *hope*, or perhaps *Haufen*, a troop) of the advanced guard, and which was termed the *forlorn hope* (*lorn* being here but a termination similar to *ward* in *forward*), while another small body at the head of the rear-guard was called the *rear-lorn hope*.—See "A Treatise of Ireland, by John Dymmok," p. 32, written about the year 1600, and printed by the Irish Archæological Society, in 1843. A reference to Johnson's Dictionary proves that civilians were misled, as early as the time of Dryden, by the mere sound of a technical military phrase, and in process of time even military men forgot the true meaning of the words. It grieves me to sap the foundations of an error to which we are indebted for Byron's beautiful phrase: "Full of hope, misnamed forlorn."—*Remains of Dr. Graves, of Dublin.*

An Ordeal.—Mediæval ordeals have not yet quite exploded, as is generally imagined—at least not yet among the insurgents in Poland, as the following incident will show:—A Jew travelling in the neighborhood of Sanwalk was stopped by some Russian troops, to whom he had to give some information, and was then allowed to depart without molestation. Soon afterwards he was stopped by a band of insurgents, whose chief, without formality, informed him that he must die for having betrayed them to the Russians. In vain the Jew protested his innocence, stating that the Russians had inquired about the road to some neighboring village, not in any way connected with the movements of the insurgents. Only a few minutes for prayer were allowed him. Afterwards a rope was thrown round his neck, and he was hung on a strong branch of a tree. But, wonderful to say, the branch broke. Struck by this incident, the chief said to the man, "Thy God is powerful; He has delivered thee. Thou must have told the truth. Go in peace."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

SEEING A GHOST.

I was in the habit of sitting up reading in my room after retiring for the night, and on this particular occasion the family had separated about half past ten. I put on my dressing gown and slippers, and composed myself to read in comfort at my table. I must now pause to describe the room in which I sat. Entering from the staircase, the fireplace was opposite me, across which was drawn the table at which I usually sat with *my back to the door*. On the left were two doors, one leading into my dressing-room, the other into a closet. On the right were two windows—*all the doors were firmly closed*. It was a fearfully stormy night, the wind howled and the rain beat against the windows in the most melancholy way; whilst the flapping to and fro of a loose shutter, added to the concert. The book I was reading ("Kerr's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries), was, as I think my readers will admit, not a book at all likely to excite my imagination. I had read some hours when I fell asleep in my chair; how long I remained asleep I don't know, but I was suddenly awakened by a chilly feeling all over me, as though an icy wind were penetrating to my bones. At the same time I felt, or thought I felt, a touch on my shoulder, and, turning round, saw by the flickering light of my all but expended candle, a tall figure, dressed in a long, close, dark garment, with its head surmounted by a covering not unlike the head-dresses worn by Swedish noblemen on state occasions, only without the feather; and dangling from its shoulders it wore a short cloak of some shining material, apparently satin. But his face. Oh! never shall I forget that face, not that it was positively hideous, but the expression of sternness and severity which it bore rendered it appalling. I gazed at the figure in speechless awe, when it suddenly addressed me in a hollow voice. What it said I know not. The fright, combined with my bewilderment at being suddenly awakened, had paralyzed my faculties. It spoke, however, and, speaking, glided away through the door. Irresistible impulse made me follow it, and, arriving at the door, I saw it gliding down the stairs. At this moment a violent gust of wind shook the house, and my door, which by some inexplicable means had opened during my slumber, was slammed to.—Should I follow the apparition or no? I determined to follow, and accordingly down I went. Down, past the rooms where the other occupants of the house were tranquilly sleeping, little wotting of the phantom which stalked before me—down, past the rooms, all dark and dismal, but so lately full of light and merriment—down, through the hall. We descended the kitchen stairs, and there, my faculties having brightened a little, I observed that a light emanated from and appeared to surround the apparition, making everything as distinct as in daylight. On we went, threading the long passages forming the lower part of the house, when, all at once, my conductor stopped at a door, which opened before him, and we entered. It was the servants' hall. The window stood open, and I observed about the floor several hampers, boxes, &c. The phantom strided on up to one of the hampers, when he suddenly turned round and faced me, and this time his countenance wore an expression of pleasure. His lips moved, and he addressed me as follows:

"Here's a nice game! You stop here a minute, and I'll run like a good'un, and fetch another constable."

He vanished through the window, and a thought struck me all at once. That long, straight garment, short cloak and tall headdress, the mysterious light, the hampers and the open window. It must be—yes, it was—a policeman, who, attracted by the open window, had entered, and, finding the plate neatly packed for removal, had found his way to the room in which he had seen a light burning, and was now gone for assistance, leaving me in charge. However, he soon returned, and, with him, two more, who all disposed themselves in corners, and on the return of the butler with a select party to superintend the removal of the hampers, the said faithful servant and his attached (by handcuffs) friends were themselves removed, and shortly afterwards went

Over the sea.

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

Mr. Gray had written his Elegy in the year 1750, and he communicated it to his friend Horace Walpole, who showed it about for some time in manuscript, and it was received with the applause it so justly deserved. It found its way into a magazine, and this was the means of first making him known to the public. We may fancy how his fastidious and shrinking mind would be annoyed by the circumstances which he thus relates in a letter to Walpole:—"Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.—Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it) who have taken the magazine of magazines into their hands. They tell me that an *ingenious* poem, called 'Reflections in a Country Churchyard," has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed the *excellent* author of it is I, by name, and that they beg not only his *indulgence*, but the *honor* of his correspondence, etc. As I am not at all disposed either to be so indulgent, or so correspondent as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honor they would inflict upon me, and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately from your copy, but without my name. The title must be, 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.'"

Gray said, "The stanzas have been so applauded, it is quite a shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but it is a shame for those who have said such superlative things about them, that I cannot repeat them."

An early tribute to the merits of the Elegy occurs in an anecdote related by Professor Robinson, of Edinburgh, then a midshipman on board the "Royal William," one of the fleet engaged in the taking of Quebec. He happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine; and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in, and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that "he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

CURIOUS DETECTION OF A CRIMINAL.

Not long ago there occurred in Prussia one of those cases of detection of crime by scientific means which interest a large and intelligent class of readers. A quantity of gold, packed in boxes, was despatched by a railway train. On arrival at its destination, it was discovered that the gold had been stolen from some of the boxes, which were refilled with sand, to make up for the deficient weight. Measures were at once taken for the discovery of the thief; and that no chance might be lost, Professor Ehrenberg was requested to make a microscopic examination of the sand. The professor, who is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for his researches into minute objects, and his comparisons of volcanic dust from all parts of the world, asked that a quantity of sand from every station by which the train had passed should be sent to him. Examining these one after another, he at last came to a sand which was identical with that found in the gold boxes. The name of the station whence this sand had been collected was known: inquiries were set on foot at that station, and among the persons there employed, the thief was detected. The incident is one which an expert novel-writer might make use of with effect.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

CHOOSE.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody round you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by frogs and fogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant, all self denial and exertion easy and desirable—even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crispy, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you have felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good—to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is a matter of no great talent—not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and that of quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

ANECDOTE OF AARON BURR.

A writer in the N. Y. Leader tells the following:—

Burr was one of the most intimate friends of Isaac Clason. He dined at his house every week.

The following anecdote was told me by the late John P. Delaplaine, the father of Isaac, our late Representative in Congress. He was a son-in-law of Mr. Clason, and after his death was one of the executors of the estate:—

"Not long before his death," said Mr. Delaplaine, speaking of Mr. Clason, "he said to Col. Burr at dinner, I have a knotty commercial affair, and I do not know but I shall be obliged to employ you or some other lawyer as counsel. If I do, I will so advise you." Col. Burr inquired the names of the parties, and this was all that passed between them upon the subject at that or any other time. A few days after Col. Burr called at the counting-house of Mr. Clason, and remarked that he was a little short for a few days, and that if Mr. Clason would lend him $500 for a few days, he would be greatly obliged. Mr. Clason drew a check for the sum needed, remarking, that Col. Burr could return it when it suited him to do so. Not many months after this transaction Isaac Clason died. I, as his executor, noticed this entry of indebtedness upon his books for $500. It was noted in the check-book margin as a loan. The idea flashed upon me that Col. Burr was so notorious that he was a highly dangerous character to be known to a young merchant. Still, it was a duty I owed to the estate to collect it. I determined to look after it, and I called in person upon Mr. Burr and stated the case. He received me with great politeness, saying, "Oh, yes—that little matter shall be attended to in a few days; I recollect all about it." The next week Col. Burr called upon me and presented a bill against the estate of Mr. Clason for $1,000, fees for the consultation (stating the case) stated above, and crediting Mr. Clason $500. My idea that Col. Burr was a dangerous acquaintance proved true. It cost the estate $500, for I paid Col. Burr.

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now, we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

BEAUTY IS PUBLIC PROPERTY.

The following very sensible advice is from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: "There are some very pretty, but, unhappily, very ill-bred women, who don't understand the law of the road with regard to handsome faces. Nature and custom would, no doubt, agree in conceding to all males the right to at least two distinct looks at a very comely female countenance, without any infraction of the rules of courtesy or the sentiment of respect. The first look is necessary to define the person of the individual one meets, so as to avoid it in passing. Any unusual attraction detected in a first glance is a sufficient apology for a second—not a prolonged, impertinent stare, but an appreciating homage of the eyes, such as a stranger may inoffensively yield to a passing image. It is astonishing how morbidly sensitive some vulgar beauties are to the slightest demonstrations of this kind. When a *lady* walks the streets, she leaves her virtuous indignation countenance at home; she knows well enough that the street is a picture gallery, where pretty faces, framed in pretty bonnets, are meant to be seen, and everybody has a right to see them."

☞ Do you know that men hardly ever use plain English words when they do wrong and do not want to know it; that they almost always use periphrases—that is, soft Latin, or Greek, or French words? When a man says *sneak-thief*, when a man says *liar*, those things mean so much that people think they are vulgar. Men do not steal now-a-days: they *peculate!* Or, if that is too strong a word, they put an *s* to it: they *speculate!* Men are not now employing all the skill of their minds to be dishonest: they are *financiering!*

LOVE.

Oh! the lark is singing in the sky,
A bonny, bonny song;
But there's a bird in my heart, love,
A-singing all day long.
The soaring lark sinks back to earth—
His song will soon be o'er;
But the bird in my heart, love,
Shall sing for evermore.

Oh the rose is blooming in the sun,
The sweetest flower that grows,
But there's a bonny flower, love,
Blooms fairer than the rose.
It fills life's summer air with joy,
Nor droops when storms come o'er
'Twill flourish in its beauty
When roses bloom no more.

R. R. R.

An Acute Lady's Encounter with a NOTED HIGHWAYMAN.

Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under the park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman; and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry,

"Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said, "Your purses and watches!"

I replied, "I have no watch."

"Then your purse."

I gave it him. It had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said,

"Don't be frightened, I will not hurt you."

I said—"No, you won't frighten the lady."

He replied—"No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt."

Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch but he said, "I am much obliged to you; I wish you a good night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"Oh, but I am," said she; "and now I am in terror lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money, that I carry on purpose."—*Horace Walpole.*

FREEZING TO DEATH.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture, many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if the sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. The most curious example of the seductive powers of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever sits down," said he, "will sleep, and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those he instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die. The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night, when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

This night, when the last days of the year are ebbing away, a fair hand playing with my dark locks has discovered a gray hair—the first gray hair! I had never seen such a thing—never dreamt of such a thing! At my age I could not believe it. It was laid upon a band of black velvet, and placed before me. I can resist conviction no longer. There it lies, blanched and white—white as the driven snow! And it is my hair. It seems but yesterday that I was at school, wishing I were a man. And now to-day I am gray and growing old. What have I done in all this time? Have I fulfilled a man's mission upon earth—have I made any step towards it? Have I done any good in the most infinitesimal degree, for which the world is wiser or better? I cannot answer my own questions. I am dumb, and sitting here contemplating that white hair, with the sense that another year is gliding away, I feel that it is time in right good earnest to turn over a new leaf. I I have made the resolution often before, but never under the sense of obligation which now weighs upon me.—*London Society.*

WAITING.

BY ELIZA S. RANDOLPH.

Six: nay, at six in any case
He could not come; 'tis evening chime,
And if I reach the trysting place
Whole hours before the trysting time,
'Tis not with any hope to see
Unseemly soon my love appear;
He is no idle maid like me;
He has high things to do and bear.
And not for worlds would I that he
For love should weakly eager be.

Seven: still an hour; not long to wait;
But sixty minutes—fifty-nine,
Scarce time to quite anticipate
My joy—not near enough, in fine.
And yet—it might be—some new chance,
Some plot to take me by surprise—
If round yon rock a form should glance
And strike on my astonished eyes!
Nay! down, my heart! It is not he;
True love must not impatient be.

Eight: now, my heart! A step this way,
—'Tis past. Yon horse—It disappears.
A shout—'tis but the watch-dog's bay.
Ah, he is playing with my fears.
Or sleep has held him over-long,
(Could *I* sleep?) Or his friends detain,
(Would friends keep *me?*) Or duties throng.
Or—see this sky—he hates the rain.
No, no; he keeps his tryst with me;
True love shall not suspicious be.

Nine: now by all I feel this hour,
This is no love! and for my part,
I pray he never more have power
To outrage thus a woman's heart.
Let him have never wife and child
To waste their hours at window-pane.
Let him on no home-hearth be coiled
To bask, and give no warmth again.
Gorge him with comforts—let him be
From love's least obligation free.

Ten: and the night grows black and chill;
The way is long; the road is lone.
Who knows what thousand forms of ill
May be along that pathway *strewn?*
A stumbling horse; a secret foe;
Even murder slinking on his track;
The strife in darkness—the last blow—
Oh, would some chance might turn him back!
Peace: he is no poltroon like me:
His own right arm his guard shall be.

Eleven: 'tis o'er. My hope is gone.
He will not come. My life is drear.
Aha, my love, my truth, my own,
I knew, I knew you would be here!
Art hurt? Art weary? Rest thee now;
Nay, rest and speak not, while I pour
Through living fingers on thy brow
My too much life in thine once more.
Such thoughts I had—I blush to tell.
I see thy face and all is well.

—*Independent.*

THE INNER LIFE OF A SHIPWRECK.

A Lady's Narrative, Addressed to a Friend.

FROM THE LONDON "TEMPLE BAR."

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, Paris, Nov., 1863.

If you are ever shipwrecked, my dearest Laura—which I hope you never will be—but if, in the course of the excited career which lies before you as the wife of a Light Dragoon, you ever should be—do contrive to get the catastrophe conducted by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. They manage it so much better than anybody else. I believe other companies drown you sometimes; and drowning is a very prosaic arrangement, besides being decidedly opposed to the manners of good society—fit only for seafaring people and second-class passengers. I have just been shipwrecked under the auspices of the P. and O., and I assure you that it is the pleasantest thing imaginable. It has its little hardships, to be sure; but so has a picnic; and the wreck was one of the most agreeable picnics you can imagine. You know that such festivities derive their principal enjoyment from the fact that you always forget the corkscrew and the salt, and are obliged to do without them. Now, what will you say when you hear that at *our* improvised entertainment we forgot *everything;* that is to say, we did not forget, but we were deprived of everything we wanted for ever so long, and realized all the romantic pleasures of Robinson Crusoe upon his island—except that we had not to dress up in absurd goatskin, and met with only the most civilized of savages?

But of course you will want to know how it all happened; so I will tell the story without further prelude.

First, as to my reasons for coming home only two years after my marriage. It was not my fault. My husband, who, you are aware, is in the Civil Service, was sent to a distant station—a very advantageous change, as it made him a full, instead of a joint, magistrate; but the doctors all said that the journey was more than I could bear, especially in such a trying month as September; so it was settled that I should return home for a year, and become what they call a grass widow. I did not like the idea at first, on account of the separation from my husband; and besides, I can assure you that your old friend Heloise Simkin has become a great success in India, and as Mrs. Dulcimer is quite a leader, and an object of homage, such as I can scarcely hope to receive in our stupid old country, where things find their level in a most unpleasant manner. Not that I flirted, you know; that would have been too bad. But I believe people called me a "frisky matron,"—a term, I hear, of the *Saturday Review's*—and *that* I suppose I am, though it seems rather hard to be called a matron at all *at my early age.*

However, there was no help for it; so the first mail in September saw me embark on board the P. and O. Company's screw-steamer *Cape Comorin* for Suez.

We were a larger party on board than might have been expected considering the season, which is by no means a favorite one for leaving India; for the hot weather is not over in the one country when you start, and the cold weather is just about beginning in the other country when you arrive, involving rather a violent change. We were nearly sixty passengers in all, without counting the second-class, or those strange monsters who joined us at Galle from Australia. Taking them altogether, the passengers were not a very brilliant set, but of course there were some pleasant people among them. I was rather melancholy the first day or two, thinking of my journey out, during which I first met Mr. Dulcimer—my letters concerning whom, by the way, somebody has had the impertinence to publish. But I brightened up by degrees, and was quite myself by the time we arrived at Madras. Here an incident occurred which caused us all great indignation. We had got up a kind of sweepstakes—the event being the exact time when we should weigh anchor. Each drew a particular five minutes, and whoever hit the time the nearest of course won. The stakes were ten rupees, or one sovereign, each, and about five-and-forty persons subscribed; so the pool was worth winning. It would have been agreeable, in any case, as it was understood that the winner was to give a tiffin on shore, and bring back plenty of Madras curiosities for the ladies. But in an evil moment, a certain person—the wife of a high official in the Benighted Presidency—was asked to join. She, a perfect stranger to all of us, drew the winning five minutes, and then left us, carrying off the stakes without a hint of tiffin, or curiosities, or anything of the kind. We were very much disgusted, as you may suppose, and not inclined to be very civil to the other Madras people who came on board—who, by the way, were all as yellow as buttercups, and envied us, as they confessed, our fresh Bengal complexions. However, we got on very well ultimately, and reached Point de Galle in tolerably good humor.

We had beautiful weather, and the day after leaving Ceylon were as joyous as could be, when the accident happened which is the occasion of my writing to you so soon.

It was a clear calm night when we all retired to our cabins; but afterwards, it seems, a dense fog came on, so that you could not have told when it was morning without a watch. Of course nobody was likely to turn out so soon as usual, and even the habitually early risers, who always took their *chota hazree* on deck in absurd varieties of undress, were still in their cabins at half-past six o'clock. It was about this hour when we all experienced a terrible shock. The ship had struck on a rock. There was no mistake about it. There was an awful crash, a stop, and then we turned over on one side. With the ship, my servant and myself, who alone occupied the cabin, turned over also, and to bear us company came every loose article in the apartment. I had the lower berth, so had an easy fall upon the floor; but poor Anna Maria, who slept above, was not a little bruised, and would have been more so but that she happened to fall upon me. This was pleasanter for her than for me; but she was not half so embarrassing as the inanimate objects which swept down upon us both—desks, dressing-cases, boots and shoes, hats, crinolines, dresses—clothes, in fact, of every kind, and all the toilet apparatus, of course—to say nothing of the sea which poured in through the port, and drenched everything in about two minutes.

I was terribly frightened, but soon recovered myself sufficiently to laugh at the absurd picture we must have presented to anybody having the leisure to look at us. I picked myself up, and then picked up Ann Maria (our servants are always more helpless than ourselves in times of danger;) and we were just extricating one another from the mass of goods and chattles with which we were encompassed, when the ship turned upon the other side, and we were all—myself, servant, goods, chattels, and every thing—thrown over in the opposite direction. The same scene of confusion was now enacted again, and as the ship continued to rock from side to side, there seemed nothing for it but to get out of the cabin with all speed.

I managed to secure a dressing-gown,—how my servant costumed herself I am sure I cannot remember,—and so habited I made a dash into the saloon. Here a scene of indescribable confusion was being enacted. All round the large dining-tables people were running, apparently without object. There were no cries heard, but the face of everybody bore the impress of blank despair. I speak more especially of the ladies. The gentlemen, for the most part, were trying to assure their female friends that there was nothing the matter; that ships were often stopped as ours was; and that the rocking to and fro, without being able to move an inch, was the sign of a prosperous voyage rather than otherwise. But the countenances of some of the lords of the creation belied their words, and a few showed unmistakable signs of funk. Only one of the gentlemen passengers seemed to derive any pleasure from the scene. This was a middle-aged person, who had come from Australia. He had been snubbed somehow by the ladies, with scarcely any of whom he had made acquaintance. The only conversation I had had with him was not of a very amicable character. He was jealous, I fancy, at the attention paid me by the other passengers,—as if *I* had not always been used to attention,—and the day before the accident he had come up to me and said, without introduction, and apropos of nothing as regarded the subject, "I tell you what it is, Mrs. Dulcimer, I don't think so much of you as your friends on board; in fact," and he said this with an air of tremendous severity—"*I think you are more engaging than pretty.*" With which speech he left me, evidently expecting that I should be abased to the earth. I believe the other ladies had neglected him also, for he now made an indiscriminate attack upon us all.

"We are all lost," said he,—"irretrievably lost." And he seemed to take a kind of pleasure in making the announcement, as if it was no business of his.

The saloon was filled with the passengers, ladies especially, who were bent upon saving whatever valuables they had at hand. The tables were soon strewn with stray things that they were trying to dispose of about their persons—a rather difficult process, by the way, as most of the ladies were in their *toilettes de nuit.* One of them I noticed—and I dare say others did the same—went on deck in that condition, and began talking to one of the ship's officers about the chances of escape as composedly as if she had been in full dress in a drawing-room. The ship's officers, who were making arrangements for the general good, would not of course be disturbed by particular appeals. It was the purser, I think, who gave his arm to the lady in question, and conducted her, with great gravity, back to her cabin. If I had been on the point of death—as, indeed, I believed at the time I was—I could not have refrained from laughing at the curious appearance of the pair. The purser had on something like his usual complement of clothing; but the lady—well, it was the most ridiculous thing you ever beheld. During all this time the other passengers had managed to array themselves more or less; but the less, I am afraid, was predominant over the more. Some had thrown wrappers over their night-clothes—by far the safest plan. Others had attempted to dress themselves regularly, and being afraid to complete their *toilettes,* appeared in simple crinoline. Some had put on boots without stockings, others stockings without boots. A few appeared with one boot and one stocking; and one—her appearance was more absurd than any—had attired herself in very limited under garments, and a corset, which, half-laced as it was, may be more easily imagined than described. Out of their cabins they came, some bent upon simply saving their lives; others determined that, come what might, they would rescue some proportion of the things that made life endurable. A few ladies had got their jewel-cases out into the saloon, and were making a selection of the articles they considered most valuable. One, I noticed, was very particular about a bracelet with hair in it, which she fastened upon her arm as carefully as if she was decorating herself for some festive occasion. Another evinced similar solicitude about a little locket, which she had some difficulty in finding among secret drawers. A third seemed to care for nothing but her marriage-certificate, which she carefully placed in a purse, and hung about her neck. She seemed to think that if she *was* to be drowned, it was better to go out of the world with proper credentials. The more mercenary were solicitous merely about money. "What shall shall I do with these notes?" said one. "Do, dear captain" (this was to the captain of the ship,) "take care of them for me." "What a dreadful nuisance!" said another; "I forgot to change all these rupees in Calcutta, and the bag will sink me if I hang it round my neck." "Here is a letter of credit upon Coutts's," said a third, who seemed to require a letter of credit upon an outfitter more than anything else; "*who will cash it for me?* I will give any percentage." The latter offer was made in a voice of agony. My poor friend seemed to think that the price of securities was going up in the market, when, in point of fact, it could not well be more down; not, however, that money itself was in a much better position, for very few seemed to care about that. One of those who did, received a characteristic rebuke from our Australian friend. "What do you mean by taking your money?" said he; "you will never want it." And then he returned to the old chorus, which seemed to give him so much satisfaction, "We are all lost—irretrievably lost!"

It was curious to see, by the way, how the neglected people were made use of at the crisis. There was one man who seemed to know nobody, and to whom nobody, I believe, had spoken. He was appealed to now as a confidential friend, and a lady gave him her child to carry—a charge which he considered so onerous that, as we afterwards found, he never attempted to save anything of his own, but lost all he possessed with a devotion worthy of a more profitable cause.

In the meantime the ship went rocking to and fro with more violence than ever, and as it seemed that no good came of remaining in the saloon, nearly everybody rushed upon deck—costumes to the contrary notwithstanding, as I heard remarked by a flippant young attorney, who was too professional to believe in danger without conclusive evidence. And certainly our condition was such as well might provoke laughter. I have told you of the arrangements as to skirts, &c., &c. The *coiffures* were, if possible, more ridiculous, and in respect of these, as indeed of all matters relating to the *toilette,* you might see personal character cropping out. Some ladies, who had always appeared to have abundant hair, now presented themselves with half-bald heads, and dreadful objects they looked, it must be confessed; while others, whom we had never given credit for having much hair of their own, displayed themselves as nicely *coiffé* as ever—a transparent arrangement which deceived nobody. One lady, who had always been suspected of doing something to her complexion, and in particular of rouging, showed exactly the same as usual, and I have every reason to believe that she had spent twenty minutes upon her face even at this terrible crisis. It is certain that she had bestowed very little time upon any other department of adornment; for her wardrobe was so limited when she came upon deck, that a contribution was at once levied in her favor upon another passenger, who appeared in most unbecoming style as regarded her head, but with no less than three robes, one over the other. She surely must have dressed for the shipwreck before leaving Galle!

Two or three of the ladies—I noticed only two or three—were completely costumed. They might have made a morning call in the attire which they wore on this short notice; and a few of the gentlemen were in equally good order. I suppose habit does a great deal for people in such cases.

Well, the rocking went on, and everything in the saloon was in the greatest state of confusion—all the cabin-doors open, everybody rushing about in the diversified attire I have described, trying to save whatever property they could collect, with a view to ultimately saving themselves. But this proceeding was brought to a sudden close by an order from the captain for us all to go on deck. Everybody, of course, considered this to mean that we were going to pieces at once; so the things that had been collected were thrown down anywhere, and every lady went up, supported by the first gentleman who came to hand—or perhaps I might more properly say, to arm. What a sight the deck presented compared with its usual appearance at the same hour! Instead of the freshly-washed *parquet,* everything clean and neat and in its place, and passengers, nicely dressed, having their promenade before breakfast, there was nothing but uncleanliness and confusion, haggard, half-clothed wretches rushing about in despair, and the ship's company all talking at once as they set about their duty. What duty they were engaged in was soon apparent—they were lowering the boats.

Directly this was seen there was a general rush at the unfortunate captain to be saved—this at least on the part of the ladies.—Some merely asked for themselves: "Oh, do, dear captain, take me into a boat; oh, do take care of me!" Others were thoughtful for their husbands or children: "Oh, do, dear captain, think of my little boy; do not let him be left behind!" or, "Oh, make my Henry go in the first boat; if you don't, I know he will be waiting, and then there will be no room for him. You may leave *me* if you like!" And so forth. The poor captain was at his wits' end between them all. "My good ladies," said, he, "we will get you all off if you will only have a little patience, and be a little quiet. The boats shall take you in parties—ladies first, gentlemen afterwards. The shore, you see, is not far off."

The land was close upon us—indeed, not more than three hundred yards distant. Oh! and it looked so green and pleasant, covered as it was with cocoa-nut trees; and we thought how happy the black people must be whom we saw crowding down to look at us. Nothing surely could be more delightful than to be at a place that there was no occasion to escape from!

The lowering of the boats was a work of great difficulty in consequence of the rocking of the ship, which, indeed, was so strong as to sweep the passengers, unless they clung to something very tightly, all to one side at every movement. Fortunately I was very well provided for in my cavalier, Captain Skylark, who told me from the first that nothing worse would happen to us than the possible loss of our property; so that I made myself quite comfortable, and waited for things to develope.

The boats were all right at last, and the next work was to get into them. There was awful crowding for the first, in which I did not take part; for, as Captain Skylark said, the second would do just as well, and there would not be the same rush, nor consequent chance of being swamped. It was quite impossible that the ladies could descend the ladder alone; so the captain simplified matters by carrying them down in his arms, one after another. One boat full, another was brought along side, and so on; and the ladies once disposed of, the gentlemen were accommodated, the whole in time getting safe off. The captain himself was the last to leave the ship. The business was manged very well—the only awkwardness being occasioned by two or three ladies having somebody else's babies instead of their own; and one lady, who had got the right baby, seeing its bottle, which she had given to a gentleman to hold, go into another boat. Notwithstanding the miserable state we were all in, we could not help laughing at hearing such cries as, "This is the wrong child they have given me; I don't want it, and won't have it!" Or, "Where's Captain Tulwar and the baby's bottle?"

A miserable state we were in, to be sure. The surf was too heavy for oars, so the boats had to be pulled on shore by means of ropes—though how they got the other ends of the ropes on shore first, I cannot say. We had to stoop down in the boats in a most uncomfortable position, in order to let these ropes pass over our heads; and as the sea did *not* pass over our heads at the same time, but drenched us very considerably, you may guess what a very pleasant journey we had.

It soon came to an end, however. I had shut my eyes, and squeezed myself into as small a compass as possible, and was aroused only by the boat touching ground. But we were by no means in yet. There was another hundred yards of shallow sea to be traversed. I was just wondering if we were expected to wade through it, when a steward said to me, "Don't be particular, ma'am; jump on my back." So as it was no use being particular, I wasn't, and was carried on shore very comfortably, the other ladies making the journey in the same way.

It was a miracle that we all reached in safety; for one of the ropes broke, and the boat was hurled back against the ship. It was not our boat; but *en revanche* we were as nearly swamped as could be. However, there we all were at last, safe on land. All of us? Yes; nobody was missing. It was a curious sensation the time occupied in ascertaining the fact. The captain counted us over in regular order, but of course we could not be satisfied with that. "Where is Emily?" "I hope dear Mrs. Wavelet is with us?" "Oh, yes, dear, here." "I've not seen Miss Topaz yet; I hope she's safe."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; she's over there sitting on the sand, and wringing the water out of her hair." "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Captain Tulwar; I was afraid you were lost, and had taken my baby's bottle with you." Poor Captain Tulwar, by the way, was holding the bottle at arm's length, like an antique lamp, not knowing what to do with it. "This is your baby, ma'am; and I'll thank you to give me mine." "I have not the smallest desire to keep it, I can assure you; other people's babies are not such desirable possessions." "Yes, this is mine; but it had a coral in its hand." "Well, ma'am, I have not taken the coral, if you mean that." "I have not seen that fat, bald-headed old gentleman we took on shore at Madras. I gave Julia to him to take care of." "Oh, yes, ma'am, he's here, and here's Julia, and you can take her back; she doesn't seem to like me much; I suppose it's because I'm fat and bald." "Oh, I meant nothing, sir. Julia, why do you not thank the gentleman?"

Such were the exclamations heard on all sides. Of course the ladies had the greatest share of the talk. The gentlemen generally behaved with great composure; though one or two of them, I was sorry to see, had kept up their courage before leaving the ship by something which greatly resembled brandy in its effects. I forgot to mention my Australian friend all this time. I told you how bitter he was in his remarks. It seems that he had spent his entire life in accumulating an immense fortune, and felt it rather hard that it should be lost, and himself with it, just as he was bringing it home to spend. Up to the last moment of getting into the boats, he had been harping upon the old strain, "We are all lost—irretrievably lost;" and now, when we were safely landed, he came up to me, and said, "Well, Mrs. Dulcimer, we have a pleasant prospect before us; we shall be starved here, it seems; for it's very unlikely that we shall ever be taken off, and there's nothing to eat on the island. I'm afraid your little doll's face and engaging manners won't do much for us here." Wasn't it bearish of him? But I believe the fact was that the poor man was desperately in love with me, and that I added considerably to the bitterness with which he met his ill fortune.

However, there was no danger of starving for the present. There were plenty of cocoa-nuts, at any rate; and these the natives came and offered us with every appearance of sympathy. I think I never tasted anything so delicious in my life as a draught of the milk. There was a little rice, too, it seems, but we did not trouble ourselves about that at the time. Some of the gentlemen had flasks of brandy; and this, with water, was not unacceptable, even to the ladies; for the air was heavy with mist, and a drizzling rain kept you in a thorough state of damp. Those who had blankets rolled themselves in them to get warm, or gave them to the children, who needed them even more. The latter added to our miseries by crying for biscuits and everything else that was not to be had. In this state we all lay *or* sat upon the sand, waiting for what might come next.

What came next was of a very satisfactory nature. Boats from the ship bringing provisions burst upon our delighted eyes; and, in addition, we saw sheep and other live stock—poor devoted creatures!—thrown overboard, and allowed to swim on shore. Another anxious couple of hours passed away; and then we were directed by the captain to walk about a quarter of a mile inland, where two small huts were assigned for our accommodation. This was a very welcome relief; for the sun was becoming strong as the mist cleared away, and the rain, too, continued to drizzle. But the huts were not sufficient to hold half of us; so a large tent was pitched for the remainder. In the meantime a fire had been kindled in the open air, and round it we all crowded, despite the rain, to dry our dresses, or get some comfort at any rate.

We were nearly all ladies here, most of the gentlemen having been left on the beach, endeavoring to save the luggage from the ship. We were awfully hungry by the middle of the day, but had to content ourselves with some damp biscuits and water. It was a weary time that we passed in the huts and the tent—relieved, of course, a little, by conversation—until five o'clock came, and with it the welcome announcement that we were to have dinner. The announcement came in the form of an odor which explained itself; and we all agreed that the *Jockey Club* and *Alexandria Bouquet* were nothing to it. And what do you think it was? Nothing but Irish stew—and oh, *so* fat! We could not have touched it at any other time; and we had no bread or vegetables to relieve it. Moreover, we had neither plates nor knives and forks, but ate off large leaves with our fingers. But it was a charming meal; and we all declared that no *diner a la Russe* was ever half so good. The gentlemen, too, had joined us by this time, and contributed to keep up our spirits; so that we could even make fun of our situation, which we certainly could not have done in the morning. The gentlemen had, of course, managed to save some choroots, which were damp, but delightful—at least, so they said. These they smoked after dinner; and it is a curious fact, that several ladies who never could endure the odor before forgot to be ill through it now.

This was all very well until it became time to retire to rest, and then our troubles began anew. The invalids were put into the huts, and the rest of us slept in the tent, or tried to sleep. Of course we had no beds—nothing but blankets and rugs—and no pillows, except such as we could improvise. Undressing altogether, therefore, was out of the question; and as for partial undressing, scarcely any of us had anything to spare; so we nearly all lay down as we were. And a pleasant time we had of it, truly! The heat was terrific, and the mosquitoes everywhere—there must have been thousands of them in the tent, for the noise they made was as loud as bagpipes; so that repose was out of the question, except by fits and starts; and when you got it, you were always sure to be roused by somebody crying out at the bites, and slapping at their faces and necks in order to crush the authors of their misery. There was one stout lady who suffered more than any of us; she had not a wink of sleep for hours, but lay awake, moaning and crying, and slapping at the horrid little insects, who seemed to have taken a particular affection for her. At last she was quiet, and dropped into a slumber; but it did not endure long.

"Are you awake, dear?" said a sympathetic voice—that of a particular friend, who sincerely pitied her condition.

"Yes, I am *now!*" was the answer, made with undisguised fury. "But I was just off in a beautiful sleep, which you have quite put an end to!"

Apologies were useless; the mischief was done; sleep had flown from the eyelids of the large lady, and returned no more. How she hated her particular friend! For myself, I confess that I could not forbear laughing.

I slept scarcely at all until morning, making some little use of my time by fanning the children, who suffered awfully. But I dropped off just before daylight, and then I had nightmare. When I awoke, I found myself with my head half-buried in the sand, under a chair.

Where the gentlemen slept I know not, but I suppose in the open air. I saw the doctor in the middle of the night, when he prescribed some claret-and-water. Some claret had fortunately been saved from the wreck.

Next morning, the ladies—that is to say, all who wished, or were strong enough—went to bathe in the sea. Two gentlemen kept guard on the beach to keep off intruders. Of course I was among the bathers; and a beautiful swim I had. Then back to breakfast—Irish stew again; very monotonous, but very nice. After breakfast we learnt, to our delight, that we were to go to a Rajah's palace, instead of our huts and tents. The palace was about a mile off. In the meantime we learnt, still more to our delight, that the greater portion of the pas-

sengers' baggage had been recovered from the ship, and was on the shore. This, however, was to be sent after us; so we did not wait for it. At the palace, whither we went like birds, there were two large rooms provided for us, in which we could place mattresses for sleeping. For a dining-room, a hut was soon rigged up; and there we were, very comfortable indeed. On the walls of the latter we found written—a touching piece of sentiment on the part of the stewards—"HAVE PITY ON US POOR SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS."

The work of organization was now commenced. A regular commissariat was established, and every arrangement was made for a more or less protracted stay. We were to have two meals a day, the inevitable mutton being relieved by raisins, flour, &c. for the exigencies of tea there was a solitary cow; but we soon found that it was quite unavailable for that refreshment. It was regularly besieged by anxious mothers for their children, so that everybody who was not an anxious mother soon gave it up in despair. There was great rejoicing among the gentlemen—and among the ladies too, perhaps—when it was found that there was a tolerably good stock of beer; and it was now arranged that everybody, ladies as well as gentlemen, should be allowed one bottle each every day. The ladies, I need scarcely say, gave up a considerable portion of *their* share to their more thirsty friends.

We now formed ourselves into messes—that is to say, the different "parties" into which we had fallen allied themselves together, and joined issue in common wants. Some parties were better provided than others, and you cannot think what jealousies their various resources gave rise to. We all dined together of course, in the common tent; and whatever anybody had in particular went no farther than the immediate circle to which we belonged. It was not much that there was to covet in any case, but of the little a great deal was made. Among our party I know of nothing except a bottle of chutnee which was not common to all; but this bottle of chutnee brought down upon us an amount of envy which you would scarcely believe. "Giving themselves airs!" "Think they can carry all before them!" "Disgusting upstarts!"—Phrases like this we heard freely current in reference to our poor little indulgence. I never knew a simple bottle of chutnee excite so much bad feeling in all my life.

I now write without reference to any particular day, but as regards all the days we passed on the island. We became a regular community, bound together by certain general laws, but broken up awfully by different interests, which assumed quite a political importance. I am sure that if we had brought out a newspaper—which we certainly should have done had we remained much longer on the island—that abundant topics for controversy would have presented themselves, and that we should all have quarrelled dreadfully. Happily no machinery of the kind was available, and whatever we had to say against one another evaporated in simple talk. On the whole, nothing could be more harmonious than our way of life. Our bath in the morning, which was delicious; our breakfast, with Irish stew and claret-and-water, which was endurable, at any rate; our dinner, which was a repetition of our breakfast, and just as welcome; and our *seances* after that, when we all sat down on the beach, and sang songs till bedtime;—everything was charming, and after a day or two we enjoyed ourselves immensely. So luxurious, indeed, did we get, that we soon became dissatisfied with the state of our costume, and began to look after our personal appearance. We were all dressed, as I have said, in a very *accidents* way; but after a couple of days, the greater part of our personal luggage being recovered, it was sent on to us, and great was the excitement of opening it, and seeing how far it was available. Of course a great many of our things were spoiled; but still we managed to get together sufficient to make a tolerably good appearance, and those who had not been so fortunate as others were content to receive contributions. For one lady, who had lost a very important box, we made a collection—of what, do you think? Of steel hoops from our crinolines, with which she managed to make a garment for herself, and to appear quite presentable. Mine, I must confess, had come greatly to grief, and the second day we were on the island stood much in need of repair. I undertook the task of mending it myself, and had it strung up in one of the invalid's huts. This was just before we moved to the Rajah's palace. I was standing actually *in* the garment—that is to say, my head and shoulders in it—putting some of the hoops in order when I received a sudden visit from Captain Skylark. You can imagine my confusion; but he promised not to tell, and I believe the first fun made of my ridiculous position is made by myself. All our clothing which admitted of being washed was somehow very scarce, so we had to make regular arrangements for putting it in order. There were several tanks in the neighborhood, some of which were used for our drinking water, while others were appropriated for washing purposes, and assigned respectively to our several parties. I was greatly annoyed one day at finding that one of our drinking-tanks had been seized by a second-class passenger, whom I found actually employed in washing within it his five ugly little children, and the family linen into the bargain. Of course I gave information of his aggression, and he was not allowed to repeat it. But even at the legitimate places allowed for such purposes there were many awkward rencontres. At our tank, for instance, I met a lady one day, a thorough old Indian, the wife of a *qui hai* major, who was engaged in washing some of the family garments. She had never liked me, and now gave me a bit of her mind, frankly telling me that she always thought I was not a lady, because I used to sing upon deck after tea; and she added, "I should like to shake you, you creature, if I dared!" This I did not mind, and I think my not minding it made her the more enraged.

We became quite particular about our toilettes, as I have said, and got up our collars and sleeves beautifully; that is to say, we washed them punctually in the tanks, and for want of ironing had recourse to a very ingenious device. We all sat on benches placed round the dinner-table, which benches were covered with canvas, or something of the kind. Under the covering we placed our sleeves and other things that required pressing. By the time dinner was over, they were always done delightfully; and when there was a special requirement, we placed them in our own neighborhood, and gave our friends a hint of the service they were to render—that is to say, told them to sit quietly, that the things might not be crumpled. By this means we managed to maintain *our* dignity to the last; and I doubt whether shipwrecked passengers, on the whole, ever presented a more respectable appearance. My remark, however, applies only to those who took things good-humoredly. There were a few ladies among us who never would consent to forget what they considered their individual importance. I was particularly amused with the wife of a vet—veterinary surgeon, you know—who had not lost anything to speak of, but who always talked of the magnificent wardrobe she had lost, of which, by-the-way, we had seen no signs while it was supposed to be in her possession. She was awfully hard up for clothes, and among other things, for stockings. I offered to give her some. They were of humble whitey-brown. She hurled the suggestion back upon me with disdain. "Her Thomas," she said, "would never let her wear anything else but silk." So for want of silk she positively went without. Anywhere but on the island, where we were all in such straits, nobody would have dreamt of considering her a lady (although, by-the-way, she did *not* sing upon deck); but this was her great opportunity for distinction, and it was too important to be missed. Several other persons, I observed, improved the occasion by talking of imaginary wardrobes; and some, I am sorry to say, *found* things belonging to other passengers, which they maintained to be their own, alleging the special occasions on which they had passed into their possession, wedding-days being particular favorites, as I noticed in nearly every case. Not only shawls and such adaptable articles were appropriated, but jewelry to a considerable extent; the latter more particularly by the stewardesses, who had remained in the cabins until the last moment, and appeared to have searched the ring-stands and the tumblers, into which we threw stray articles of daily use, with great punctuality.

Fortunately we got back the greater part of our heavy luggage, and a great many loose things were thrown on shore. The baggage was opened on the beach, that the contents might dry, and a curious scene was there presented. Of the stray articles we were glad to pick up anything we could find. "Here is a stocking, dear; do you want one?" "Oh, I have found a shoe; it will just fit Clara." "A bit of sponge and a boot-lace, I declare; I will take them to Mrs. Waif and if she is not wanting anything of the kind, Mrs. Stray will be glad to get them." "Whose hat is this? I wish it would fit me, I have had nothing but a wet towel round my head since we landed." "Don't touch all these photographic portraits; they are only put there to dry." "Oh, I wish that petticoat was mine!" Such was the nature of the remarks elicited by the great exhibition on the beach. I need scarcely say, that among all the good-humored people there was a community of goods, and that nobody wanted for anything that anybody had, except persons like the vet's wife, who took advantage of the time to give themselves absurd airs. For myself, I was in great distress for two days for want of a hat. I had three when I left Calcutta, but two had blown overboard. Fortunately I found the one I had in wear—where do you think?—up a tree! How it came there, I know not, but I suppose the wind took care of it for me. It was a great day for me when I found the hat; and I confess I never felt so happy as the first occasion when I was able to have my hair crimped, and come in to dinner in a black silk dress which I got from my trunks. I had been a little touched by the sun, I fear; but the heat becomes me, and when I feel my face burning, I know I look awfully pretty, and don't care who sees me. This, however, was after we got off the island. While there, I accommodated myself to circumstances, making my costume as becoming as possible *without* a crinoline, after the first few days, by means of a black-silk jacket over a colored skirt.

I should have mentioned that immediately after our landing on the island one of the ship's boats was despatched to Bombay, in charge of an officer, in order to bring us help. It was more than doubtful if the boat would live: if it had not, we must have dispatched another, in hopes of its meeting a beter fate. We heard nothing for ten days of the mission, and began to be very anxious. Every cloud was taken for a steamer, and when the steamer at last came, it was taken for a cloud.

The steamer did come at last, on the eleventh day; and you should have heard the hurrahs with which it was received! We were all mad with delight! Everybody went about shaking everybody else by the hand. Quarrels were all forgotten in the general glee. We all swore eternal friendship, and joined in choruses of congratulation. The dullest people, who had always declared that they were not musical, now "favored the company with a song," out of sheer exultation, without being asked at all. This was while the steamer was in the distance. When it actually arrived, the general ecstasy approached a pitch which is usually considered indicative of lunacy. We were all such friends that our greatest fear was lest we should ever be parted. My old Australian acquaintance, who had said that I was more engaging than pretty, and that we were all lost, irretrievably lost, came up and shook me warmly by both hands, saying that he had always loved me like a daughter, and that I was one of the last persons upon earth whom he would wish to offend. The vet's wife, forgetting all the fabulous splendor which had been sunk in her imaginary boxes, came to me with tears in her eyes, and said she would take the stockings of me after all. Even the old female major relented, and, so far from "shaking" me, kissed me affectionately, and said I was a dear good thing, and had behaved very well during a severe trial. Altogether the latter end of our adventure was so pleasant, that when we had to go on board the steamer we actually regretted leaving the island to be once more scattered over the world; and I saw many of my fellow-passengers shed tears when we were in the boat, looking back to the scene where we had undergone so many hardships in common. However, nobody preferred being left behind; and once safe afloat, we were all glad of the many comforts with which we renewed our acquaintance. The ship had been sent from Bombay especially to take us to Suez, and there we caught the regular Overland Mail. We were not very welcome to the passengers, as we interfered a little with the regular arrangements, and were, moreover, objects of interest naturally engrossing the principal attention. I do believe that many of our new friends envied the misfortunes which attracted towards us so much interest. All we could do for them was to put them out of their misery as soon as possible. I speak of myself and my own "party," who all came via Marseilles, and made the best of our way to dear Paris, where we are now located. We are all here together in the hotel, and should be as happy as the day was long, if it were three times as long as it is. We rush about in groups, seeing great sights that we don't care about, and buying everything that we don't want, with the greatest enjoyment possible. The sensation of having a real house to live in was in itself a perfect pleasure for the first few days. Then we bethought ourselves of our *toilettes*. None of our sea-things would do now. We looked into third-rate shops. "Oh, what a beautiful mantle!" was the prelude to going in and buying it, of course. Then we always found afterwards that we had got the wrong thing, and had to go somewhere else for the right. No British reticence distinguished us upon these occasions. We made everybody our confidants. At the hotel our adventures were, of course, notorious. At the shops we always said, "Ah, madame!"—or "monsieur," as the case might be—"nous avons fait naufrage; mais abbe sub utcha." We mixed up Hindustanee and French with more than the usual recklessness of Overland travellers. The people thought us rather mad, no doubt, but were full of sympathy, and indeed are so still; for we have by no means come to an end of our enthusiasm, and do not intend until after Christmas. It is all very well to talk about one's home and one's family, but there is a bond between shipwrecked passengers which is not easily broken. Just now we are all like sailors on shore; and if you can imagine any enjoyment greater than that, I shall be obliged by your pointing it out. Of course I shall be delighted to meet my old friends again, and my Laura is particular; but in the meantime you must excuse me for being a little infatuated with my present mode of life. Write soon. Ever your fondly attached HELOISE.

S. L. B.

☞ The aim of genius should, like its own nature, be lofty, truly lofty, above meanness, and selfishness, and indolence, venturing all for the accomplishment of great results in the achievement of real good.

☞ Congress has passed the bill extending to the 1st of March the bounties to volunteers.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A STORY

Of Two Christmas Days and Two Kisses.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF EVE."

I am an old man; so old am I that, looking back, life seem so very long, and yet so short, that I do not quite know whether many things did not happen in a dream. I am hale and hearty, and merry, for the matter of that; and when I laugh my laugh rings out clearly and loud, they say; so much so that it makes the people around me, especially my grandchildren and nephews and nieces laugh too. And when I laugh the old times come back when others, who are silent now, laughed with me, and then I am suddenly still, and the laugh dies away; and when I think of it its empty echoes fill my brain just as if it were sleep-laughter in a dream.

Been in love? Yes, I should think I have; how else could I have grandchildren, those people who laugh so well and heartily when I laugh, and make me tell how old I am a score of times, and say how well I am looking! Well, well; some of them want me to look ill, I think; but I'll laugh and live to spite 'em. No, no; I don't mean that, you know. How can I live but as long as I have breath? and breath and life are in the hands of One greater than us all!

Been in love! I think I was talking of that, was I not? Yes, been in love! Well, we just did love when I was a young fellow, and I recollect my wife, my Alice, that left my side but now it seems, and yet it's twenty years ago; and I recollect her, as I loved her, when she was very young, and as I love her now. She was a merry one, was Alice; we used to walk, and laugh, and talk together like two friends. I think that she could do anything but drink and smoke, or tell an untruth, or do a wrong action. Her face was a sweet oval face; her hair a very dark brown, nearly black; and her eyes a deep blue; full of merriment at one moment, ay at all moments, except when she heard a sad story or was touched with pain for any one else, and then they grew deeper and deeper as they filled with tears. Not for herself. She never cried for herself that I know of, for she never had a day's illness. But she was terribly cut up when her poor brother died, and that you see was how I knew her. Her brother was my right hand man in my company. Many's the time that he stood shoulder to shoulder with me, good at drill, good at a song—good at anything. He used to live near the coast; and, indeed, he joined us, and I was one of his tent fellows, and his chum. Well, he knew people that I knew, and we were soon friends; and he took me home to show me Alice. He was always talking about her, and she about him; and, when he was there, scarce a look did she give me. Her brother Joe—his name was Joe, and mine, too—could do everything, and was the be-all and end-all of the world, I used to think; and so one day I tried to run with Joe, and Joe beat me, and Alice laughed; and then I shot against Joe, and he beat me too, and she laughed the more; and I wrestled with him and threw him, and she didn't laugh then, but ran to see whether he was hurt, and said it wasn't fair for Joe to tackle a big fellow like me, although he was nigh an inch taller. In short, I could not please her any how!

Well, it was one day when we heard that the flat-bottomed boats of old Boney were *not* coming over, and that the army of Boulogne had melted bit by bit away, like a snowdrift, that we made a night of it. Ay, it was a night, too! and, being hot and in the summer, we must needs keep up the fun till the sun came up over the seacoast looking red and angry at our folly. Well, Joe and I—the two Joes as they called us—ran down to the beach and washed our hot faces, and plunged in the fresh, salt waves, and were in a few moments as fresh and as merry as larks. And, after dressing, Joe must needs take a walk with me—who was nothing loth, you must know—along the edge of the cliff. The seas for centuries have been washing that chalk-bound coast, and at intervals there stand up pillars of chalk, with the sea around them, and with little green patches of land, a few yards square, on the top of them. The people call such a place "No Man's Land," and no man can own it, truly. Well, Joe came to one of these, a few feet—say twelve—from the cliff, and, turning to me, he said, "Joe Junior," said he—I think I see his bright face now—"I challenge you to leap upon that 'No Man's Land,' I do!"

"Joe," said I, hurriedly, "don't be a fool! It may be it would give way at top, and if it did not how could you jump back without a run? You'd be stuck a-top there, like a mad sentinel or a pillar saint. I'm not going to jump it."

"But *I* am!" said he. And, before I could hinder him, if indeed I had tried, he took a run and jumped.

It was so sudden that I could only stand aghast when I saw him there. He stood, indeed, but for a moment, and then he took a step back, and would have jumped back, when I heard a rumbling sound, and half the top of the "No Man's Land" parted, and the chalk and earth, and Joe too, fell down with a crash upon the rocky coast below.

I ran round the little creek to the other side of the small bay, and throwing myself down on the turf, stretched my neck over, looked out, and cried out—

"Joe! Are you hurt, Joe?"

A faint voice came up, and I could see the poor fellow struggling under a huge piece of chalk which seemed to hold him down in agony. He smiled in a ghastly way, with his whitened face, and said—

"Run, Joe, run! *The tide's coming in!*"

Well, I did run; and we got ropes from the tents, and a few strong fellows held these as I swung over the cliff, just reaching poor Joe as the cold sea-water was lap, lap, lapping up to his mouth, taking away his breath and then running back, crawling over him and leaving bubbles of salt foam, as if in sport. I got him out, but he could not stand. Some bones were broken, and he was sadly bruised; so that I was forced to tie him to a rope, and they hauled him up, and afterwards pulled me up, and we took him home.

Well, well! to make a long story short, poor Joe died, with my praises on his lips, and poor Alice bowed her head like a broken lily. It was a long time before she got over it, and summer had grown into winter, and winter to summer, to autumn, and to winter again. The threatened invasion was all over; our swords were getting rusty, our uniforms dusty, and when the holidays came I left the arm in which I had just become a partner, and went to spend a fortnight at my old friend's in Kent.

Alice was there, well and cheerful now, and reconciled to her loss, though we often talked of poor Joe; and as the days wore on we grew closer together, and she called me by my name, and seemed to have transferred her brother's love to me. She never told me so, nor let others see it till one merry Christmas night, when she rejected all her cousins and her other friends, and would only dance with me.

We had the mistletoe, too. At last, one mad cap fellow proposed that the ladies should kiss the gentlemen all round when and how they could; and Alice and I, who had subsided into solemn talk, and were speaking of poor Joe, were surrounded, and it was insisted that Alice should play too; and she, in a solemn, quiet way, smiling sadly and yet sweetly to, took me beneath the Christmas bough and kissed me on my lips.

Ay, it's many years ago, but I feel it now. My heart beat so fast that I hardly dared return it; but I put my arm around her, and took her gently to the bay window of the old hall, saying, as I pressed her hand—

"Alice, dear Alice, did you *mean* that kiss?"

Well, I need not tell you what she answered, 'tis fifty years ago—fifty years ago! and I am surrounded by Alice's dear grandchildren: and there is one, a little thing with light and golden hair that will deepen into brown, who plays around my knees and tells me her little stories, her sorrows, and her joys; so quick, so sudden, so hurried in their coming and their going that they are like my own, and, as we talk, we grow quite friends and companions, like my Alice was to me.

Bless you, she understands it all! She is a woman in her pretty ways; her poutings, pettings and quarrellings. She manages her household of one wax doll and two wooden ones, and tells me, for the wax doll is the lady and the wooden ones are the servants in mob caps and stuff gowns, when they are impudent and do no work, and when they gossip with a wooden policeman, who belongs to her brother, little Joe.

So we are fast friends, little Alice and I; and to-night, on Christmas night, I noticed that she would not dance nor play with the pink and shiny faced little boys who were so unnaturally tidy and clean in their new knickerbockers with red stockings; but she came and sat by me and talked softly in the firelight as Alice did, and made me think of fifty years ago. And only think how old times come back and new times like the old; only just think that when her mother told her she should choose a sweetheart, she got a little bit of mistletoe, and climbing slyly on my knee, holding me in talk as if to hide her purpose—though I guessed it soon, I'll tell you—she put her little doll-like arms around my neck, and holding the mistletoe above my head she kissed me again and again, and said I was her sweetheart!

So this child sweetheart brought the old times back—the old times that are still so distant and so near; and with sweet kisses 'neath the rustling leaves made me think of my dead Alice in the grave. The first kiss and the last; the last and the first, and of all days in the world on Christmas Day.

☞ WATER OF SOME USE.—A well-primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a teetotal grocery, and hiccupped, "Mr. ———, do you—keep—a—anything—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you could have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there's no one thing that's done so much for navigation as that."

☞ One of the fair daughters of *ton* was recently singing a fashionable air at a high pitch of voice, when an Irishman, who was passing by, rushed in with a look of astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sure, and I thought some one was being murthered!"

Handwriting of Celebrated Men.

Hon. J. W. Forney, Clerk of the U. S. Senate, has made up a collection, in two quarto volumes, of autograph letters from eminent public men, chiefly Senators, who have been in correspondence with the Secretary of the Senate, and presented it to the Sanitary Fair now in progress at Cincinnati. Such a collection, of course, is one of great interest, especially to curiosity hunters; and the following glance at the character of the letters, by the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, will be found very readable:—

In a letter from Mr. Buchanan, dated January 9, 1850, the handwriting is cramped and tremulous. The signature begins with a sprawling J, and the B is like the worst specimens of schoolboy's difficult beginnings.

In singular contrast are the few notes the volumes contain from Daniel Webster. The writing is coarse and irregular, but with a great deal of masculine vigor, and quite legible. A similar vigor seems to mark the irregular, but easily read notes of Thomas H. Benton.

Judah P. Benjamin contributes a letter or two, full of facile flourishes, like the man. J. M. Mason writes a small, scrawling hand, rather difficult to read. Near it is the cramped, illegible hand of Salmon P. Chase.

Charles Sumner's notes evidently come from a man who once wrote well; but though still rather neat, they suggest the marking pot and brush rather than a goose quill.

Horatio Seymour indulges in flourishes. The body of his letter is smoothly and roundly written—very much as his speeches are delivered. Near his letter are one or two in the neat but careless chirography of "H. Clay," as the Sage of Ashland always signed himself. Next comes the rather good-looking, but difficult hand of R. M. T. Hunter; and next "Gov." Gen. E. Pugh announces, with savage earnestness that the newspaper clerk has been sending him the New York Herald; and that he wants it forthwith stopped, as he won't have it at any price or without price.

Among more recent ones, it is a little startling to come upon a very friendly epistle from Jefferson Davis, in the little, cramped, irregular, scrawling hand that now sets forth the orders of the almost absolute chief of the greatest conspiracy in modern times. Near it are the great, sprawling characters of George Bancroft's signature; and next the little, delicate, lady-like hand of Winfield Scott. Character is often said to be read in the handwriting. If so, that of Gen. Scott must be the exception which proves the rule.

Edward Everett's notes, of which there are several, are in an irregular, but delicate hand. William H. Seward's are a light scrawl, sometimes legible and sometimes not.

John Slidell's is manifestly the writing of an uneducated business man. He sends for documents on frauds; and with reminiscences of the Houmas grant, one cannot help thinking what congenial studies he inclined to.

☞ AN ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN.—In a most lovely country, where red rocks are crowned with saplings and garlanded with wild roses, and where the wide-banked Severn rolls down its silvery stream with all the green wood-side reflected in its clear waters, a little, old-fashioned town lies dropped down in a hollow. There are green heights round it, and old gabled houses that tell of years long gone by, but as you drive along under the green oak woods that are full of nightingales singing, and pass by the apple orchards whence the pinky clouds have scarce peeped, and see the fields of cowslips, and the girls with their hands all full of the may and lilies they have been to the woods to gather, you could not ever fancy that any town was near, and you could only think of the exceeding loveliness of the sights and sounds around you.

☞ SHELLEY'S OPINION OF LOVE.—A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers as oracles, inquired one day, in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was silent. After awhile, he who came to consult repeated his question, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him. "My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the human heart precisely as a nutmeg grater acts upon a nutmeg."—The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt, and presently repeated his question to Mr. Godwin a third time. "My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley," replied the oracle.

☞ A cynical fellow who can't muster the cash for a sleigh-ride, publishes the following recipe for its sensations: "Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open so that you can get a good draft—your feet in a pail of ice-water—drop the front door-key down your back—hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says "you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it's a great deal cheaper."

THACKERAY AS A WRITER.

FROM THE "AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR."

Nearly all the critics have united in mentioning Thackeray with Dickens. Few, we apprehend, can place Thackeray even on a level with Charles Dickens. He had, with the advantage of more years, a far superior education, and at times approached, if he did not equal, his rival's popularity. But in his moral nature, as a writer, he was inferior to Dickens. Irony, satire, lively persiflage, sarcasm, and a great power in making grave objects ridiculous, were Thackeray's keen and flashing weapons; but he loved to trifle with the gentle humanities of life, and seemed to glory in displaying a poor opinion of society. It was said—bitterly, but truly—that, with the exception of that excellent gentleman, Col. Newcome (who had a great heart but not much brain), most of the personages of his stories were worthy of having their portraits drawn for the Rogue's Gallery. There is scarcely a man, in all his scenes of life, whom one would like to take by the hand or admit into the house without first locking up the silver spoons and forks.—Where his women were not demireps, they were weak and silly. The exceptions are chiefly in degree. On the other hand, to how many excellent persons, in all ranks of life (except the aristocratic), has Charles Dickens introduced us! We lay down one of his books, and a crowd comes up before us. It is true that he has Fagan, Sykes, Monks, the elder Nickleby, Squeers, and some more bad men, but there are such in the daily paths of life. We love to recall and muse over the creations of Dickens: we care not to meditate upon those of Thackeray, who drew them as if he thought that there was no principle in man, no virtue in woman. It would seem, if Mr. Thackeray drew from life, that he must have been intimate with a great number of bad people in his time.

Neither can it be conceded that, as a humorist, Thackeray is on a level with Dickens. The humor of "Boz" is genial and genuine, that of Thackeray is sardonic and biting. Thackeray's constructive power was small. There is little incident in his stories. One feels no interest in the adventures of the people who flutter through his pages, nor would desire ever again to meet them. Unfortunately, Mr. Thackeray, either from want of imagination, or from laziness, or from a self-conceited admiration of his own characters, was perpetually bringing them out of his old books into his new. The Hon. Mr. Deuceace, Lord Cinqbars, the Earl of Crabbs, my Lord Barebacres, and that terrible scoundrel and bore, the Marquis of Steyne, seem to run through most of Mr. Thackeray's tales. Even in his last story of "Philip," George Brandon and the poor girl, his dupe, who figured in "A Shabby Genteel Story," are brought back to us, like counterfeit money, still as scamp and dupe—much the same as when we first read about them, some twenty-two years ago. He *could* create, however—as witness Miss Becky Sharp, one of the most natural characters of modern fiction, albeit decidedly a *mauvaise sujet*. By her side, as the pigeon by the rook, let soft-hearted, vanity-swollen Joe Sedley sit immortally.

As a writer of good, telling, and lucid English, Thackeray was, beyond all comparison, greatly superior to Dickens. His style was indeed all but perfect. He always used the very word that was wanted to express the required meaning. If a man wants to acquire a good style, let him read Thackeray's graceful and terse prose, rather than the antithetical rhetoric of Macaulay, fine as *that* confessedly is.

This man who appeared to delight upon other people's gibes (his criticisms in Fraser as well as, in less degree, his novels, show this), was himself remarkably thin-skinned. A sneer or a censure, no matter how slight, nor how insignificant the assailant, worried him very much. He was sensitively afraid of criticism, recognizing nothing as true unless it praised him.

This man, who wrote like a cynic, and made one think that he had some early grudge against the world, was genial and amiable in society. He had a host of admirers, and a little army of affectionate friends whom his amiable nature had bound to him. In conversation he used his wit freely, unlike Hood, who grudged every word that he did not put upon paper, and he used it kindly, unlike Jerrold, who would rather lose his friend than his joke or sarcasm. In London society, by the best of which Thackeray was welcomed when he condescended to enter it, he will be sincerely missed and mourned.

Thackeray, like Dickens, possessed the faculty, not very common among Englishmen, of making an excellent speech at the briefest notice. When he lectured there was a degree of *mauvaise honte* in his manner, but when he delivered an extempore speech in public his manner and matter were alike excellent. His voice, which seemed muffled at the lecture-desk, pealed out with deep and emphatic expression when he spoke the unpremeditated speech. His addresses at the annual dinners of the Royal Academy and the Literary Fund in London were admirable in delivery as in language.

In statue he was above the ordinary height, and his large head, well covered with hoary locks, was placed upon a neck massive as that of O'Connell himself. He would have been a handsome man but for an accident which broke the upper portion of his nose. His burly and occasionally rough appearance was that rather of a hand than a head-worker.

He has left (besides his wife, unhappily out of health for many years) two daughters; one of whom last year contributed "The Story of Elizabeth" to the "Cornhill Magazine," a tale of great merit, which has been published in book form in London and New York. He must have died in possession of considerable property, for, whatever his youth's extravagance, he was careful, though not niggardly, in his expenses in later years. His success in this country undoubtedly was the first step to his pecuniary independence.

Mr. Thackeray's place, among British authors, will be by the side of Henry Fielding rather than of Charles Dickens. He had not the good nature which pervades even Fielding's satire, but, on the other hand, he carefully eschewed the indecorum of situation, and even of language, which make "Tom Jones" unreadable at present. Mr. Thackeray, even when he describes vice and scoundrels, never violates delicacy. It will be long before any successor will so thoroughly amuse the public: "none but himself can be his parallel."

☞ We see that the beautiful country-seat at Newburgh, formerly owned and occupied by the late A. J. Downing, is offered for sale "at much less than its cost." This is a rare chance for a gentleman to secure a splendid residence in a most delightful locality. Application should be made to S. W. Fullerton, counsellor-at-law, Newburgh.

☞ SUGGESTIVE.—The British merchant in whose name the pirate Florida cleared at the English Custom House, is an extensive dealer in *brimstone*.

☞ M. Stefan has communicated to the Vienna Academy some mathematical researches on the propagation of heat, and considers that the results he has obtained justify the proposition "that heat propagates itself by radiation with the rapidity of light; by transmission with the rapidity of sound."

☞ A letter from Naples of the 14th of Dec. says:—"Vesuvius has become covered with snow, and now presents the appearance of a sugar-loaf. It is a vast cone, quite white from the summit to the base. We have also a wind so cold that it nips the face, and any one might fancy himself at the foot of Mount Viso, in the midst of the snows of the Alps."

☞ A *Coffin for Jeff. Davis.*—The New York Evening Post of Saturday says that a Union refugee in that city, recently from Richmond, asserts that on Christmas morning, at an early hour, persons passing by the house of Jeff. Davis were surprised to see standing immediately in front of the door a coffin, with a rope significantly laid on the top of it. These articles were taken away as soon as they were discovered by the servants, but they were seen by many persons.

☞ A rich gentleman once said to a day laborer, "Do you know to whom these estates belong on the borders of the lake?" "No," replied the man. "They belong to me," said the rich man. "And the wood and the cattle, do you know whose they are?" "No." "They are mine, also," continued the rich man. "Yes, all that you can see is mine." The peasant stood still a moment, then pointed to heaven, and in a solemn tone asked, "Is that also thine? If that be thine, though poor, thou art truly rich; if that be not thine, however rich thou art poor indeed."

☞ It is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it simply because you want to get his autograph.

☞ To store our memories with a sense of injuries, is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold.

☞ In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.

☞ Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter million. It is sometimes easier to make a fortune by littleness than by greatness.

☞ At one of our recent Christmas celebrations one of the wax candles on the tree was leaning slightly. A little boy, fresh from his geography, remarked that it resembled the Tower of Pisa. Yes, said another, except that one is a tower in Italy, and the other a tower in grease.

☞ Boasting is sometimes out of place. We heard one man boast of being a bachelor, as his father was before him.

☞ An Indianapolis editor attending church the other Sabbath, for the first time in many years, stopped at the entrance, and looking in vain for the bell-pull, deliberately knocked at the door, and politely waited till somebody opened it and let him in.

☞ Twenty years ago, *The Auckland Times* (New Zealand) was printed with a mangle. *The Albertland Gazette* has not even that convenience. One man edits, sets up, and prints that sheet, and says he hopes some day to make it pay.

☞ Lord Dudley remarked once to that genialest of wits, Sydney Smith, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years; and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid."

A FRIGHTENED DARKEY.

The diver who goes down to clean the bottoms of the Monitors at Port Royal, being a man of herculean proportions, when clad in his sub-marine armor becomes monstrous in size and appearance. A correspondent of the Baltimore American says:

A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wave his scraper about as "he bobs around" on the water, with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—occurred last summer. While he was employed scraping the hull of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the up river plantations came alongside with a boat load of water-melons. While busy selling his melons the diver came up, and rested himself on the side of the boat.

The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water, with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat, and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with the muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Station Creek since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

FREEDOM.

Who then is Free?—The Wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither Chains,
Nor Want, nor Death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can Ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself, who on himself relies;
Polished and round, who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force!
—*Horace.*

☞ A well-known London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can *print* one as long as you like."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been rather more demand for Flour. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls at $6,50 for superfine, $7@7,12½ for extras, $7,25@7,75 for common to good and choice extra family, chiefly at $7,50 for good Western and high grade fancies at from $9,50 to 10,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour sells at $6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet at $5,75 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is steady at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There has been more doing in Wheat. Sales reach about 75,000 bus at $1,60 to 1,75 for common to good and choice reds, and $1,80 to 2 for white. Rye is selling in a small way at $1,40@1,42. Corn is dull and rather lower; about 25,000 bus Penna yellow at $1,11@1,12. Oats are rather better, some 87,000 bus were disposed of at 86@87c for light and heavy Penna. Barley and Malt are unchanged, with sales of 8000 bus, the latter at $1,65@1,70.

PROVISIONS—The high views of holders have had a tendency to limit operations. Old Mess Pork is held at $20@21, and new at $23 ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are selling at 9½@10¼ the 100 lbs. Of beef further sales are reported at $13@17 ₱ bbl, for country and city packed Mess, and Beef Hams at $20,50@21. Bacon—Sales light and prices fully maintained. Green Meats are firm, with sales of 1000 casks pickled Hams at 12@12½c. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 13¾@14c for country and city pickled, and kegs at 14½@15c, the latter for prime. Butter—Sales at from 18 to 30c for common to good and choice Pennsylvania and Ohio; 28@32c for roll, and 28@35c for Goshen. Cheese is worth 14@16c for fair and good, and 17@18c for fancy dairies. Eggs are 30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is more active; sales of 350 bales, in lots, at from 75 to 83c for ordinary to good middling quality, cash.

ASHES continue firm.

BARK is in better demand; sales of 1st No 1 at $37, and No 2 at $33@35 ₱ ton. In Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX is scarce at 45@50c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are unsettled and irregular.

COFFEE is quiet but firm at 31@35c for Rio, 34c for Laguayra and 30½c for St Domingo, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is firmer, and for Yellow Metal prices have advanced to 38c for Sheets, and 37c, 6 mos, for Bolts and Nails.

FEATHERS are in moderate request, with sales at 60@63c ₱ lb, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—The demand is less active. Green Apples sell slowly at $3@4, and Cranberries at $7@12 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit is quiet. Apples range at 9@10c, and unpared Peaches at 14@15c ₱ lb.

HAY is selling at $25@28 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The market for all kinds is firmer.

HIDES—Slaughter Hides are unsettled and dull, and prices nominally range at 11½@12½c. Dry Western Hides are selling from dealers' hands at 22@24c for flint, and 18@22c for salted.

HOPS are firm at 20@23c ₱ lb for good to prime new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is buoyant and more active: sales comprise 5000 tons Anthracite, part at $43@45, cash, for No. 1. Scotch Pig is scarce. For Manufactured Iron the demand is active.

LEAD is firm, and no sales to report.

LUMBER—There is none arriving.

MOLASSES is firmer, with sales of 100 hhds new crop Clayed Cuba at 55c, and 400 bbls New Orleans, in lots, at 50 to 70c, all on the usual terms. Syrups are higher.

PLASTER—Soft is nominal at $4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—Rangoon is quoted at 7¾@8¼c ₱ lb, and scarce.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed; prices range at $8,25@8,75 ₱ bus, the latter for prime; some 1300 bus sold at $8,25@8,50, chiefly at the former figures for new and $8 for old crop. Timothy is quiet but firm at $2,75@3, and Flaxseed is steady demand at $3,15 ₱ bus, and the receipts light.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is held at 105@107. For Whiskey the market is unsettled.

SUGAR—The market is firm; sales of 800 hhds at 13@13¼c for Cuba and 13¾@14¼c for New Orleans, mostly on time.

TALLOW—The demand is moderate at 12@12¼c ₱ lb for city.

WOOL—Sales reach about 200,000 lbs at 78@85c for low to medium and fine fleece, including choice clips and tub at the highest figures, and mixed lots at 75@77c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1950 head. The prices realised were from 8 to 12½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $20 to 50 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 7¼c ₱ lb gross. 360 Hogs brought from $10 to 11,50 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ A wit has just discovered the true cause of bravery in negro troops; they are the *color bearers* of the human race.

☞ The man who imagined himself wise because he detected a typographical error in a newspaper has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

R. R. R.

LIGHTNING.

No quicker is the lightning's flash to the eye, than is the marvellous action of Radway's Ready Relief in relieving the sufferer of *pain*. The moment it is applied to external injuries, painful parts, Swollen Joints, Inflammation or Congestion, the patient derives ease and comfort. In cases where pain is experienced in the stomach or bowels, one teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, taken internally, will afford relief. Every parent should keep this remedy in the house. If suddenly seized with Croup, Diptheria, Influenza, Cramps, Spasms, Burns, Scalds, Falls, Bruises, Strains, Sprains, Toothache, Headache, Bilious Cholic, or any other pain, the use of Radway's Ready Relief will in a few minutes afford ease and comfort, and break up the disease. Keep this remedy and use it: your doctor's bills will be light. Price 25 cents per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

The Great Remedy for
The Great Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs.

For thirty years it has been a standard remedy, curing the most obstinate cases after all other remedies and treatment had failed. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

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A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, or SORE THROAT, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if allowed to progress may terminate seriously.

For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and Consumptive Coughs, "*the Troches*" are used with advantage, giving oftentimes immediate relief.

Gray Hair Restored, Baldness Prevented

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

The only attested article that will absolutely restore the hair to its original color and beauty, causing it to grow where it has fallen off or become thin. Wholesale and retail, at Doctor SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philada. Price 50 cents; 6 bottles $3.50. nov7-3m

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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. MATHEW ALBERT, to Miss MARTHA C. McELWEE, both of this city.

On the 8th of Dec. by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. W. H. H. GREENE, to Miss MARY M. McGLATHERY, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. JACOB BLUM, to HENRIETTE SCHMIDT, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. ROBERT A. DAVIDSON, to Miss MARY C. HYDE, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. B. F. Price, Mr. JOSEPH L. FELTY, to Miss REBECCA S. LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec., by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. DANIEL BARR, to Miss SARAH A. HEYWOOD.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. JUAN CURRIE, artist, to Miss EMILY J. CURRIE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, CATHARINE M., relict of the late John Powell, in her 74th year.

On the 19th instant, JOSEPH RIPKA, in his 75th year.

On the 18th instant, LETITIA M., wife of Wm. Wamsley, in her 43d year.

On the 17th instant, SALLIE E., the beloved daughter of Aaron and Emma M. Waters, aged 21 years.

On the 17th instant, CHARLES V. WILLIAMS, ship builder and shipping merchant, in his 65th year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. JANE, wife of Anthony Z. Brown, aged 62 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. ELIZA MILES, in her 58th year.

On the 16th instant, LEONARD STREEPER, Jr., in his 41st year.

On the 15th instant, ROBERT M. HUDSON, aged 58 years.

On the 15th instant, MATTHEW CARTWRIGHT, in his 74th year.

SALARY WANTED!
SALARY PAID.
Apply (with stamps) to
jan30-2t HARRIS & BRO'S., Boston, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
ec15-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

WENDEROTH & TAYLOR,
PHOTOGRAPHERS AND IVORYTYPISTS,
912, 914 and 916 Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,

Invite attention to their improved styles of Imperial and extra Imperial Photographs, presenting the finish of retouched pictures at the cost of plain.

Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Particular attention given to copying Old Pictures.

☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B. Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan2-tf

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RICHARDSON'S
NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Universally acknowledged to be the best, and recommended by leading Pianists and Teachers as without an equal. Thousands of copies have been distributed from Maine to California, and yet the demand is unabated—a most decided proof of its merit, and a very strong evidence that no other book for the Pianoforte can be obtained that suits the public want as well. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of the price, *Three Dollars.*

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
jan30-tf Publishers, Boston.

TO NEW ENGLAND SOLDIERS
THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT

is sent at *half price* to all soldiers in the field, and the publishers guarantee its prompt and regular receipt in any regiment or hospital in the country. From the beginning of the war it has enjoyed an immense popularity in the army of the Union, more especially among the MAINE SOLDIERS. It is a weekly paper, devoted to LITERATURE AND THE NEWS OF THE DAY. Its columns are filled with Interesting Stories, Choice Poetry, Amusing and Instructive Sketches, Reports of Lectures, the Maine News, and a carefully prepared summary of all the Foreign, Domestic, and War news. Among its regular contributors are FLORENCE PERCY, who furnishes Poetry and Washington Correspondence; M. F. WHITTIER, author of the celebrated "Ethan Spike" letters; CHARLES P. ILSLEY is now furnishing an Original Story, entitled the "Indian Killer," founded on the legends of Scarborough. The TRANSCRIPT has the largest circulation of any paper in Maine, and has subscribers in every State and Territory of the Union.

TERMS.—Two Dollars a year in advance. Club of six, Nine Dollars.

To Soldiers, One Dollar a Year!

and the paper will follow the regiments wherever they go. Address
ELWELL, PICKARD & CO.,
jan23-3t *Publishers, Portland, Maine.*

1,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Best Chance in the World. $10 a day clear. Two samples that retail for $1, sent for 25 cents. Address S. W. CLARK,
Boonton, N. J.

Cider Can be Kept Sweet for Years by Using
SULPHITE OF LIME.

A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.

For sale by
WRIGHT & SIDDALL,
Wholesale Druggists and Chemists,
nov7-14t No. 119 Market St., Philadelphia.

EMPLOYMENT!—SOMETHING NEW! Every Family and every Soldier must have it. Retails for $1. $10 capital will clear $100 *per week, sure.* For an Agency, address E. E. BALLOU & SON, Haverhill, Mass.
☞ Samples for Agents sent by mail for 30 cts., when desired. jan30-4t

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—My ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. Sent by mail for 25 cents a package; or 5 for $1. Address
jan30-2t FRANK JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

WITHERS & PETERSON,
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS

STOCKS BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
may2-1y

R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-eowly

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BEWARE OF THE SO CALLED
HAIR RESTORERS,

All made of sulphur and sugar of lead. The first is most disagreeable and offensive, and the other a

RANK POISON,

which, although slow in their operation, are not less certain to produce all the evil effects of lead disease. Why use this villainous stuff, when an article, perfectly clean and instantaneous in its effect, and pronounced

HARMLESS BY DR. CHILTON,

is to be found in
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

When all other compounds have failed, this has always proved successful.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $3 per bottle, according to size. jan30-eow3t

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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.

WM. RALSTON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market.
HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
jan16-6m 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,
THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
nov28-3m Philadelphia.

DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR, THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH.—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
Office, 1027 Walnut Steet, Philadelphia,
where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oc31-6m

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTE OF GOV. BOUCK.

Archbishop Hughes always had a penchant for political management, and at various times he has had considerable influence upon public affairs. It was the policy of Mr. Seward, when Governor of New York, to court that influence.

An authentic story is told of the attempt of Bishop Hughes to negotiate with Gov. Bouck the same position he had enjoyed with Governor Seward; Bouck being a rich Dutch farmer, but little versed in either political or ecclesiastical subtleties. The Bishop called upon the Governor and sent in his card.

"Good morning, *Mister* Hughes," said Bouck, "I am glad to see you, sir."

A pause ensued, when Hughes said,

"*Bishop* Hughes, your Excellency, of New York."

"Ah! Bishop Hughes, *so* good morning Bishop Hughes, I am glad to see you, sir."

The Bishop again interposed, saying with emphasis:

"Perhaps your Excellency does not recognize the title of his visitor. I am the Bishop of this diocese."

"Oh, ah—*so;* I am glad to see you Bishop Hughes: and how is *Mrs.* Hughes?" [This to a Catholic priest!]

The Bishop gave over in despair. The interview verified what one of Gov. Bouck's partisans had said during the canvass to a neighbor who had urged him to vote for Seward:

"Governor Seward," said the one, "is a much smarter man than Bouck; he has a much longer head."

"*So?* Vell, may pe it ish longer, but it ish not so *tick*."

PURITAN WEDDING DISCOURSES.

The practice of wedding discourses was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled the parties concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Parson Smith's daughter Mary was to marry young Mr. Cranch—(what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union)—the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected "Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild, young sister Abby was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SPIRITUAL ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.—"Old Doctor C." was known as a skillful physician, blunt and downright, but not addicted to church-going. Mr. S., the sick trader, sent for him. The pulse was examined, the pills dealt out, and the directions given. But as the doctor was taking up his saddle-bags, Mr. S. turned to him with a very pious look.

"I have a solemn request to make of you, Dr. C."

"What! of *me?* a solemn request of me?"

"Yes, sir; I feel that I am a very sick man, and if at any time you see that I am going to die, I want you should let me know it at least *three days beforehand.*"

"But what in the world do you want to know that for?"

"Oh, I don't know that I am prepared to die, and I shall want at least two or three days to prepare."

"Oh, well, make your preparations, make your preparations, Mr. S.; and if you don't die, *it will not—he lost to your customers,*"—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

THE NEW FOOTMAN.—A gentleman was going out, one day, in his carriage, to call with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, who had recently come into his service, to go to the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retaining the articles to be used as directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever the "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to the servant with the question—

"How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone," said John.

☞ "See here, Misther," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was treed by a dog, "If you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

☞ A contemporary has discovered that some of our military officers have four aids—promenade, serenade, "dashed" lemonade, and gasconade.

THE JOURNALIST OF CALIFORNIA.

He rises at ten o'clock, dresses, puts on a hat adorned by six or seven holes made by pistol-shots, goes to the restaurant to breakfast. After breakfast, he proceeds to his office to look over the papers of the day, and finds that, in one, he is treated as a wretch, in another as a liar, and in a third as a rogue. He smiles at the pleasant idea of having something to do, fills up three challenges—for he has always two or three reams ready, in order not to lose time—sends them to the right persons, and then begins to write a vigorous article, when, suddenly, he is disturbed by some scoundrel, whom he sees himself obliged to kick out most unceremoniously. At noon, he learns that his challenges have been accepted, and that, at three o'clock, he has an affair of this nature to regulate on the sea-shore. Thither he repairs, kills his man, and hastens to dinner, with conscience untroubled, and with appetite unbounded. He returns to the office. On his way thereto he falls into the very heart of a riot, whence, with great difficulty, he escapes, having received neither contusions nor wounds. He reaches his sanctuary, and discovers there an infernal machine on the table. Without feeling or manifesting the slighest astonishment, he takes it and throws it out of the window. Then he writes an article on moral reform, and starts for the theatre. Attacked on his way by three men, he kills two, and takes the third to the nearest police-station. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock, he knocks down a man who tries to rob him, kills a dog with a paving-stone, just misses being crushed by a cab, and has merely the tail of his coat torn off, receives, on the threshold of his door, two balls through his hat, felicitates himself on the chance which he has had of escaping safe and sound from so many misadventures, writes till two o'clock in the morning, goes to bed, and sleeps soundly till the morrow.—*Exchange Paper.*

Walter Scott Criticising Byron.

The following passage, from a letter by Sir Walter Scott, is quoted in the Seaforth Papers:—"You ask me, dear Lady Hood, for literary news. There is not much of any consequence, Lord Byron, so quizzed of old by the 'Edinburgh Review,' has shone forth a great luminary in the poetical world. 'Childe Harold,' a sort of sketch of his travels, and reflections while engaged in them, has probably reached India. It is a work of great poetical talent, but indicates a gloomy and rather misanthropical turn of disposition. 'Childe Harold' has exhausted the round of all pleasures, licensed and unlicensed, and wonders to feel the goblet, which he has drained even to its luscious dregs, pall upon his taste, when again replenished. And pretty nearly the same course of experience which made Solomon of old proclaim that all was vanity, induces our modern epicurean to quarrel with the system of the universe, and to disbelieve its being guided by supreme benevolence and wisdom. Another beautiful and eccentric production of the same kind is the 'Giaour,' a Turkish romance. It is a poetical fragment, obscurely written, but abounding with high and spirited passages. The tale is the intrigue of a Christian with the favorite of a Moslem. Hassan murders his wife, and the Giaour, in revenge, waylays and kills Hassan and dies a monk, without having the good fortune to become a penitent. The sentiments of this poem indicate the same deficiency of virtuous feeling which throw a shade on 'Childe Harold's' character. The passion, so well and powerfully described, is of an unworthy and bad kind; and I shrewdly suspect Lord Byron would be improved by a drachm of chivalrous sentiment, and a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous and disinterested principle added to his very extraordinary powers of intellect and expression. As he is, however, he has done deadly, or almost deadly, execution among the ladies of fashion."

TRANSPLANTATION OF HAIR.—The Signor Mattore Domenico Nardo addressed a letter to the Academy of Padua, in 1826, on the subject of the growth of hair after death, and even after its separation from the body. The latter property had been previously observed by Krafft. The Signor Nardo recounts the results of experiments made on his own person in the transplantation of hair, and relates, that by transplanting quickly a hair, with its roots, from a pore of his head, into a pore of his chest, easily to be accomplished by widening the pore somewhat with the point of a needle, introducing the root with nicety, and exciting within the pore itself, by friction, a slight degree of inflammation, the hair takes root, continues to vegetate, and grows; in due season changes color, becomes white, and falls.

☞ Fun should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Whoever knew a "funny man" to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not nine times out of ten generous, humane, social and good? To be sure he is. Fun—it is a great thing. It smooths the rough places of life; makes the disposition as fresh and rosy as a maiden's kiss.

☞ GETTING ON IN MATRIMONY.—Brigham Young has just taken his sixty-first wife.

INFURIATED PRINCIPAL OPENING FAST CLERK'S TELEGRAM BY MISTAKE (reads)—We are having great sport. Tell old Gripes you're sick, and come. Polly is here.

GOD CARES FOR US.

A lady, one cold winter's day, left her own home to visit the homes of want. She went from house to house, and from room to room, and did what she could at each. At last she came to the third story of a wretched house. The door of the room was shut; she tried to open it, but could not. Some persons were inside, but could not open the door. On listening, the lady heard a little weak voice say,

"Pull the string up high."

She looked, and found a string, which, upon being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children, all alone.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold?—no fire on a cold day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home, she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

"Yes," said the lady, "God is indeed our Father; and I think He has sent me to look after some of His children, or, as your granny calls them, some of His 'sparrows,' and, if I can, I am to help them to some crumbs."

She gave them some big crumbs—more than they could eat at once, or in one day. While the little ones were eating the "crumbs," Tommy said to his sister—

"Then this is our Father's gift, in answer to that prayer, this morning, before granny went out, 'Give us this day our daily bread;' and here it is; for God cares for us."

THE BONAPARTES AND THE WELLESLEYS.—The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were born the same year—1769—the Duke being rather the older of the two. The father of the great Emperor died young; the father of the Duke died likewise at a comparatively early age. There were five brothers in the one family, five brothers in the other. In each case the five brothers attained more or less of eminence. Though the two fathers died young, the two mothers lived to see the sons illustrious. The most brilliant of the Wellesleys was the Marquis Wellesley, a man infinitely more gifted than the Duke of Wellington, who, nevertheless, surpassed him in strength of character. Napoleon, however, had far more genius than all the rest of the Bonaparte family.

THE FOREST-GUARDED HIGHWAY.—A traveller relates that when passing through an Austrian town, his attention was directed to a forest on a slope near the road, and he was told that death was the penalty of cutting down one of those trees. He was incredulous until he was further informed that they were the protection of the city, breaking the force of the descending avalanche, which without this natural barrier would sweep over the quiet home of thousands. When a Russian army was marching there, and began to cut away the defence for fuel, the inhabitants besought them to take their dwellings instead, which was done.

☞ Be not vacillating in your purposes; let not every bright meteor that shoots across your path, attract you to new aims. This would be to make your life but as whirling sands borne about by every fickle wind.

Agricultural.

MAKING AND FILLING ICE-HOUSES.

The Register of Rural Affairs for 1864 gives the following article on ice-houses:—

FIG. 1—Rough or Shanty Ice-House, left open under the eaves for ventilation.

Cheap ones may be quickly constructed, in the form of strong board shanties, (fig. 1,) with a good but not tight floor. Place a few inches of sawdust on the floor, pile up the ice compactly in square blocks, leaving a space of eight to twelve inches all around, next to the boards, to be filled with sawdust, trodden in, as the structure of ice is built upwards. Cover the whole with eight or ten inches of sawdust, and let plenty of fresh air blow through the shanty over the top. Ice will keep in this way as well as in the most costly and elaborate building. Chaff or finely cut straw may be substituted for the sawdust; but being less perfect non-conductors, should be in thicker layers.

FIG. 2—Ice-House, above Ground. One door is enough for common-sized Houses.

Ice-houses built of boards, with double walls, (fig. 2) filled in with sawdust, although they do not keep ice better than those just described, save some labor by obviating the removal of the sawdust every time they are filled with ice. But even these should have a thin stratum of sawdust, say three or four inches, between the walls and the ice, which should be filled in and pressed hard as each layer is laid.

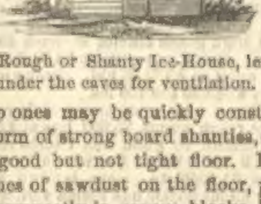

FIG. 3—Plan of Single Wall or Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled houses, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large building, and one in small one—these are

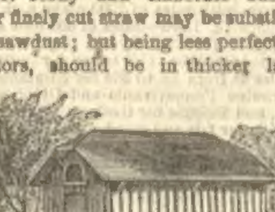

FIG. 4—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

for filling and taking the ice out at different heights. Care should be taken that all the sawdust be pressed solid, and no cavities left. An ice-house with one apartment, eight by ten feet, and six feet high, (including a foot of sawdust all around,) will keep ice enough for a moderate family.

CHEAP FIELD FENCE.

A good and sufficient field fence can be made with 15 inches in width of boards, and 50 rods of fence to 1,000 feet of boards. Set the posts, and nail the first board nine inches from the ground; then make the spaces 5, 6, 7, and 10 inches, 5 boards 3 inches each in 15 inches; now turn a furrow 6 inches deep toward the fence on each side. This brings the earth within 3 inches of the bottom board, and adds 6 inches to the height of the fence, measuring from the bottom of the furrow, and the ditch or bank makes it very unhandy for animals to get at the fence. This makes a fence 4 feet 10 inches high.

I have several hundred rods of such fence. The first was built five years ago. It has proved perfectly safe and sufficient against cattle that were unruly. It is not racked by the wind like a fence of wider boards. Fourteen-feet boards, with one post in the middle, take a less number of posts, and make as good fence as twelves. I have used white oak boards at about twelve dollars per thousand feet, and swamp oak split posts at four cents each.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TO CURE SHEEP FROM JUMPING.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following curious account of the method adopted by him to prevent his sheep from jumping the fences of his pasture:

"I want to tell you about my jumping sheep, and how I broke them. I got them in a pen built sufficiently to hold them; I then caught the ringleaders one at a time, and made a small hole in each ear. I then took a cord or string and run through the holes in the ears together close enough to keep them from working the ears; I then let them out, and they are as quiet as any sheep."

CURE FOR STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—The cause is costiveness. Cure—two ounces Epsom salts and one drachm of ginger, or an equivalent of hog's lard or linseed oil.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be obtained by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

DIPTHERIA.—We have received a receipt, says the N. Y. Tribune, for the cure of diptheria, from a physician, who says that of one thousand cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus:—Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia, mixed every four hours to the whole of the throat and to the breast bone, keeping flannel to the part.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; one cup of sweet milk; whites of seven eggs; four cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, and one of soda.

AN ORANGE PUDDING.—Make a light paste, and roll it out to the extent you require it. Take your oranges, slice them with the rinds on, removing carefully the pips or seeds from the pulp. Place a layer of fruit, well sugared, within one side of the paste, and turn it over the fruit, and repeat the same course until the whole of the slices are disposed of. Fold the paste up at each end, so as to secure the syrup. Boil it in a pudding cloth. It constitutes, in some families, a nursery luxury.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core five large apples, boil in a little water till soft enough to press through a sieve; sweeten, and beat with them the beaten whites of three eggs, serve it with cream poured around it.

WHITE BEESWAX.—As some one wished to know how to make beeswax white, I will give my recipe. Have a hard-wood board made in the shape of a shingle, then put the wax in a pot of hot water over the stove. While the wax is melting soak the board in warm water to prevent the wax sticking to it, then dip the board into the pot of water and wax as you would to dip candles, and you will have a thin sheet of wax on the board. This you can loosen with a knife so it will slide off. Then dip as before, and so on until you have dipped all the wax off. Take these thin sheets of wax and spread them on a white cloth in the hot sun until they are white, afterwards melt and cake.

☞ A tavern keeper in Lancashire has inscribed over his door, instead of the usual pictorial notification. "My sign's in the cellar." A man who lives opposite says that folks who go into that cellar almost always bring out the signs thereof with 'em.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 13, 10, 9, 11, is a despicable character.
My 2, 6, 7, 12, 9, is a representation.
My 3, 2, 11, 15, is a part of a saddle.
My 4, 12, 3, 14, is an adjective denoting lofty.
My 5, 7, 11, 15, is an adjective denoting sour.
My 6, 11, is an abbreviation of a common title.
My 7, 10, 5, 14, 1, 7, is a disease.
My 8, 2, 10, 10, is a token of affection.
My 9, 7, 11, 15, 4, is one of the planets.
My 10, 9, 2, 8, is what you must do to solve this enigma.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, we all should do.
My 12, is myself.
My 13, 11, 7, 1, 6, 7, 11, is taught in schools.
My 14, 7, 8, 9, is a fish.
My 15, 2, 1, 9, flies swiftly.

My whole is the tyrant's motto.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 15, 10, 4, is a term for royalty.
My 2, 21, 14, is indispensable in writing.
My 4, 3, 13, is a drink.
My 5, 11, 10, 7, 19, 16, is a town in China.
My 6, 8, 7, 19, is a recent King of Greece.
My 7, 11, 8, 21, 3, 16, 17, is a chemical process.
My 8, 15, 5, 1, signifies to make a small noise.
My 11, 18, 8, 2, 6, 16, is the opposite of rest.
My 14, 21, 9, 5, 1, is a blow.
My 20, 2, 13, is to clear.

Two noble Kings make up my whole,
Who ruled a land without control;
The first proclaimed himself supreme,
And called his rival low and mean;
But ah, reverses came, and then
The first was soon forgotten when
The people loud proclaimed the last,
Who rules them now with iron grasp.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When leafless branches wave aloft,
And lend their sighs to every breeze,
Gently I come, and strive to clothe
The mourning earth, the naked trees.

The eager schoolboy greets me off
With merry shouts and laughter loud;
The rich, the poor, the low, the great,
The humble and the haughty proud.

How much of sin and crime I hide,
How pure and bright I seem to be,
A thing of Heaven; yet, oh, Earth!
Thy veriest slaves but trample me.

I cannot change, I am the same
On Alpine hills, in valleys fair;
Piled high upon the Arctic plains,
Or floating on the wintry air.

VICKIE SPENCER.

Prompton, Wayne Co., Pa.

INTEREST QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide $1,000 among 3 boys; A 18 years, B 16 years, and C only ten years old, so that if each of them will lay out his share at simple interest of 6 per cent, until he arrives to the age of 21 years, each one's amount will be the same as each one of the two others will receive at the same age? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a certain right-angled triangle is just as many feet in length as there are square feet contained in the triangle, and the sum of the hypothenuse and base equals the square of the perpendicular. Required—the sides? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What ground have we for asserting that the letter "P" is not in the word "pout?" Ans.—Because it is with "out"

☞ What is the difference between the treatment of a bottle of medicine and that of a traveller in an omnibus? Ans.—The one is "shaken *before* taken," the other *while* taken.

☞ Why cannot a girl named Mary use short words? Ans.—Because her shortest must be a Polly's syllable (polysyllable).

☞ Why would her elopement constitute her a mathematical figure? Ans.—Because she would become a Polly gone (polygon).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain." RIDDLE.—Victor Hugo. CHARADE.—Diptheria (dip-the-rye-a).

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, published December 19th.—79.2378.—David Wickersham, Clinton Co., Ohio, and Gill Bates.

Gill Bates thinks 6.475329 feet, inside measurement, the correct answer to his PROBLEM, published October 24th.

Answer to PROBLEM by Daniel Diefenbach, published December 19th.—160.000 miles.—Reuben Barto, Artemas Martin, and D. Diefenbach.